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Seven Types of American Girls – No. 7 – Conscientious

Painted for This Page by Zoe Mozert

"All Kinds Of Everythings" If You Believe In Shanghai's Signs

Amusing "Shingles" That Native Shopkeepers Hang Out to Attract the Trade of English-Speaking Residents

It Is the General Opinion in Shanghai That Jolly Tars Christened This Merchant Because the Chinese Version of His Name Sounds Like the Fantastic English Appellation.

The Owner of This Outfitting Emporium Seems to Prefer Chinese "Genileman" as Customers, but Will Sell Anybody Suits or "Bots," Which Is His Way of Advertising Suits and Boots.

DONG WOO
MONEY EXCHANGE AND
SALE ALL KINDS OF CIGARS AND CIGARETTES
ALSO WILL BE CHANGE ANY KINDS OF GOLD POUNDS AND CHICK
95 FOLLOW COUNTRIES AMERICA ENGLAND FRANCE RUSSIA
GERMAN ITALY AND JAPAN IF ANYBODY COMING
WE GIVE A TRUE TO EVERY BODY
HERE
342 BROADWAY

Mr. Dong Appears to Be a Financier in Off Moments, but Not Too Proud to Sell Cigars or to Cash a "Chick."

Mr. Sun Is One of the Cheerful Gentlemen of the Shanghai Merchandising Circle and Will Give Away a Smile With Each Tombstone "Maked" by Him.

LOA-SING-CHONG
BRASS SMITH
BLACKSMITH & TINSMITH
MARE EVERY KINDS OF STOVES COKING
STOVES FITTER ELECTRICIAN LIGHTS
AND BELLS EAVES TROUGHS AND
YI2 HAVE ALL KINDS OF EVERY THINGS.

A Sign on a Shanghai Shop Which Shows the Versatility of the Proprietor, Who Will Sell You a "Coking" Stove Just as Quickly as He Will Peddle an "Electrician" Light.

The yellow-skinned, slant-eyed residents of Shanghai have a higher, if amusing, side for the patronage of English-speaking foreigners in this cosmopolitan metropolis.

With their flaming Oriental contempt for many of them make determined "shingles" calling attention to their goods and services, but few of them take the trouble to call in a sign painter who has a good working knowledge of the English language. The comic results of this oversight are obvious in the pictures reproduced on this page.

Take the case of a tailor who makes outfits for seagoing men. Some wag, taking liberties with the Oriental gentleman's name, thought it sounded like Jelly Belly. Or, perhaps, the merchant had a large and jiggling midriff. Anyway, when he came to make his bid for alien custom he proudly proclaimed that Jelly Belly is a naval tailor and general outfitter.

One Loa-Sing-Chong—the fellow who blankets the commercial field by offering "all kinds of everythings"—tried to say on his sign that he is a "brass-smith" who sells "coking" stoves and suits and "bots" (boots) to "ladys" and "Chinese genileman." Dong Woo, a money changer, gives "a true to everybody"—meaning that he is an honest man. He cashes "chicks" (checks) and sells cigars and cigarettes on the side. Sun Tuck Tai goes along all right with his sign for a line which explains that he is a stone cutter and mason. Then, like so many others of his colleagues in trade, he goes to pieces with his English and tells prospective customers that his is an establishment where they can get "tombstone and monu ment maked."

It's Real News In Madrid When a Bull Bites a Toreador

AMERICANS with their baseball and Britishers with their cricket find it difficult to understand the Spanish love of bullfighting. To these "foreigners" the so-called sport of harassing and exciting bulls seems a bloody and inhumane form of entertainment. But to the Spaniards bullfighting seems entirely civilized and they would as soon give up their wine and their dancing as forego the gory thrills of the semi-covered arena.

Every year from April to September the country's 225 arenas are packed with people who line all about while the bulls gore some 5,000 horses and the matadors annihilate about 1,200 bulls.

The toreadors serve a long apprenticeship before they step into the arena with cape and sword. Now and then one of them is injured or killed. But in the average bullfight the bull hasn't much of a chance and all the advantages are with his fast-moving adversary.

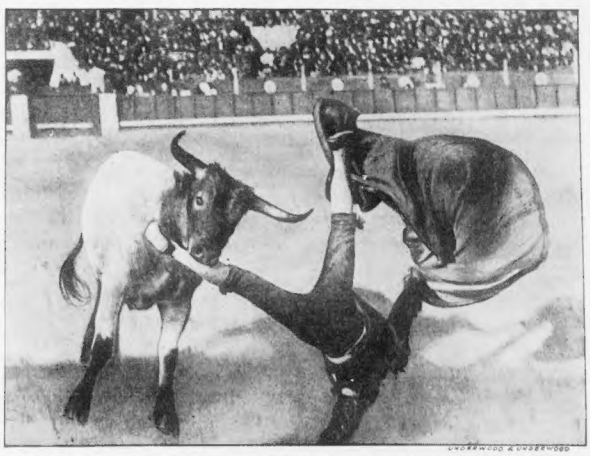
That's why the photograph at the right, taken in the world-famous ring at Madrid—is remarkable. There is a saying in America that when a dog bites a man it isn't worth a line in the papers, but that when the situation is reversed that's news. In Spain it's front-page stuff when a bull turns the tables and punishes a toreador.

In an American baseball park, if a player strikes out with the bases loaded, he gets "the hook"—the fans audibly register their resentment of such inefficiency. In sunny Spain even a toreador fails to dispatch the bull the crowd reacts in much the same manner. Reports from Madrid say that the unfortunate bullfighter who was knocked off his feet by the bull and bitten in the leg was roundly hissed.

The fans at the Madrid plaza de toros (bullring) showed no sympathy at all for the badly injured performer. To them it was a disgrace for a bullfighter to be mauled by a bovine brute. It is bad enough when a matador, avoiding personal contact with his "enemy" fails to send the bull to its knees with a single thrust of the sword. But to be bowled over and bitten—well, that's an unspeakable combination of awkwardness and stupidity. It's a disgrace.

The bullfighter, badly gored and trampled was carried from the ring by members of his entourage while one of his cronies held the attention of the brute with a red cape. The bull, according to the rules of the game, lived to fight another day. But the next time the bovine victor came snorting and loping into the arena a more capable matador went through the acts of the drama of death without a flaw and, when the bull was all but exhausted from its lunges at the insubstantial bits of crimson cloth waved before it, the toreador put his white stockinged legs together, raised his sharp blade behind a small square of fabric and waited. The bull rushed the sword slid into its shoulder, all the way to the hilt. The crowd rose to its feet to pay homage to the victor.

Every newspaper in Spain took note of the fact that a professional bullfighter had failed to amuse the paying customers and maintain the ancient traditions of his honored and highly-paid profession. Several editors, ardent devotees of the sport of blood-and-sand, wrote violent attacks against the man. If he never went into the ring again, they said, it would be too soon. The toreador himself made no excuses. He nursed his wounds in stolid silence, knowing that a nation had put thumbs down on him. It's an old Spanish custom.



When the Fight Went the Wrong Way. It Is Usual to See the Tough Toreador Beating Up or Torturing the Bull, but on the Occasion of This Recent Combat in Madrid, the Bull Gave the Swashbuckling Human a Dose of His Own Medicine.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Take a Look at the Jewels This Pretty Young Woman Is Wearing. They're Worth $1,500,000 and Were Recently Shown in a Fashion Show in New York. And Then Look at the Photograph on the Right.

$1,500,000 in Adornment—And Thirty Cents

THE picture at the left, and the one at the other side of the page, show that the custom of "gilding the lily" is both ancient and universal. One young woman, a charming and highly civilized individual, is expensively, if not garishly, dressed. As accessories to a gown designed to be worn at the Court of St. James she is bedecked with a tiara, earrings, necklace, brooch, bracelets and rings worth, at current market prices, $1,500,000.

Few women in the world could get enough money together to buy such a collection of baubles and not many of those who could raise the necessary cash would think of appearing in public with the genuine articles on her person. To do so would invite the attention of clever jewel thieves, who have a way of lifting such glittering odds and ends.

The dusky belle shown in the other picture is a native of New Guinea parading about the sultry streets of her village in full dress regalia. Just what the occasion was doesn't matter. It was important enough for such jungle elegance. In the eyes of her kinky-haired neighbors this girl is even more richly ornamented than her sister-under-the skin across the page. Her father is a member of New Guinea nobility, if not a full-fledged chief. If he weren't his daughter never would be padding around in all this finery, including a spangled chin-strap and a nose-ring that encircles her thick Negroid lips.

In New Guinea such a collection of beads is "worth a million" but the same things in New York or London would be appraised at about 30 cents, if the appraiser considered only the intrinsic value of the "jewels" in nations that go in for diamonds, emeralds, pearls, rubies and such.

In the days of depression that followed the World War many of the wealthy women who used to bedazzle their fellow men with the weight and bulk of the "ice" they attached to their persons for special occasions have put on less of a show. Many of them were forced to give up their prized possessions and others, while they kept their gems, thought it best not to flaunt them too boldly in a world going steadily more democratic. There was an element of danger in wearing a fortune in jewels in a confused world with thousands of people wondering where their next meal was coming from.

The million-and-a-half-dollar display shown in the photograph at the left does not break any records. Several members of the fair sex, have, on occasion, sported jewels of greater value.

Way back in 1921 Mrs. Smith-Wilkinson got her picture in papers all over Europe and her name in papers all over the world because she arrived at London's famed Albert Hall in a costume that was estimated to be worth five million dollars.

Her white gown was speckled with diamonds, seed pearls, rubies, emeralds and several other kinds of precious "rocks." On her head she wore a crown-like contraption of diamonds and pearls topped off with the shimmering wings of a Bird of Paradise. Two strands of perfectly matched pearls swung about her dimpled chin. But the precious gadget that made everybody present gasp—the occasion was the Victory Ball—was a rope of smouldering pearls that went four times about her neck with the lowest loop falling to her rotund waist.

This New Guinea Belle Is Wearing Jewels, Too, Just as Beautiful in the Eyes of Her Admirers as Those of the Civilized Woman—and as Spectacular, but Their Total Cost, in the Open Market, Would Be About 30 Cents.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

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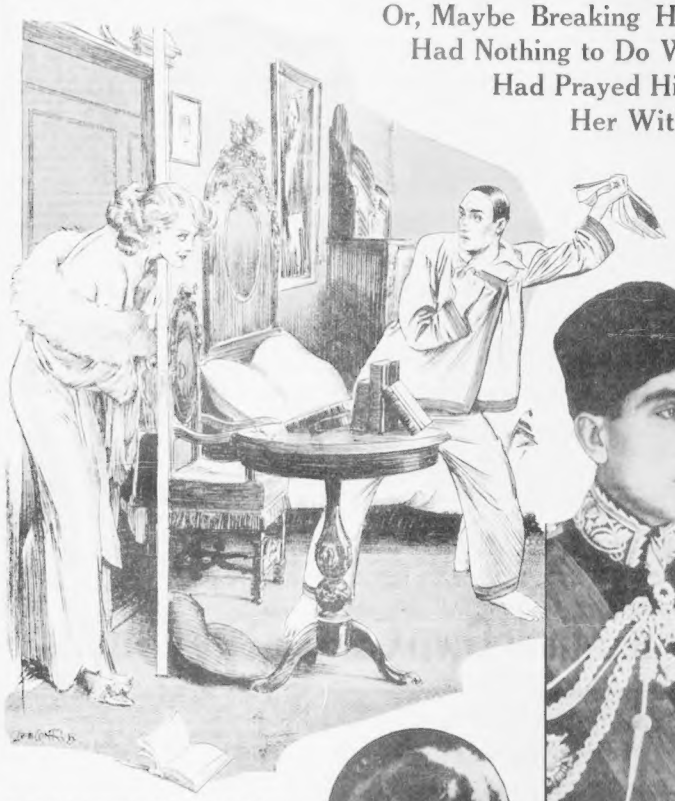
R E-M K Punishment for Divorcing H P

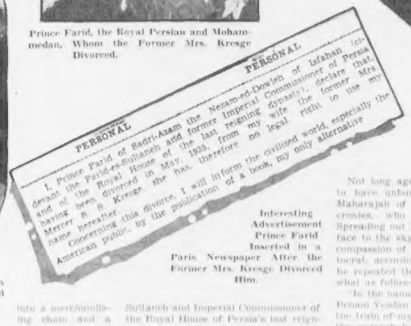
Or, Maybe Breaking Her Leg Was Just an Accident and Allah Had Nothing to Do With It, Even Though Her Royal Persian Had Prayed Him to Chastise Her Within the Year



One of the Annoyances to Which His Wife Had Subjected Him, the Prince Complained to His Friends, Was Sending Attractive, But Unscrupulous Ladies, to His Apartments to Vamp Him. But These the Prince Had Always Stoutly Resisted, Even to the Extent of Hurling Pillows and Books at Them.

Prince Farid, the Royal Persian and Mohammedan, Whom the Former Mrs. Kresge Divorced.

Gladys Ardelle Fish, One of the Six Correspondents Mrs. Kresge Named When Getting a Divorce From Mr. Kresge.



PERSONAL

I, Prince Farid of Sadri-Azam the Nezam-ed-Dowleh of Isfahan, (to) desand, the Farid-es-Sultanet and former Imperial Commissioner of Persia having been Royal House of the reigning dynasty), declare that Mercer Kresge in May, 1926, from my wife the former Mrs. nance hereafter Kresge she has, therefore no legal right to use Concerning this divorce, I will inform the civilized world, especially the American public, by the publication of a book, my only alternative

Interesting Advertisement Prince Farid Inserted in a Paris Newspaper After the Former Mrs. Kresge Divorced Him.

The Former Princess Farid, the Extremely Rich American Mrs. Doris Mercer Harden-Kresge.

Give me any wound but a heart-wound;
And any ingratitude but a woman's.
—*Old Persian saying.*

PARIS, Aug. 13.

RETURNING from a cocktail party to the Ritz the other night, the former Mrs. Doris Mercer Harden-Kresge and also former Princess Farid, who is still at forty a decision object lesson for idle gossips, fell out of her imported car and broke her leg (or heard the news her former husband, Prince Farid of Persia, the Aga Khan's forty-two-year-old cousin, from whom she was recently granted a divorce, is reported to have remarked that the accident was in answer to his prayer to Allah to punish the woman for what he alleges she did to him in New Jersey and denied followers of the Prophet Mohammed.

"One year ago in Bombay, Farid is said to have told friends, 'I made an appeal to Allah against Doris Mercer on the Day of my Kingly majesty, him to chastise her. Moreover I vowed that if the wrath of Allah did not fall on her within the space of twelve months I would abjure my religion and myself devise a punishment for this tormentor with an angel's face, whose conduct almost led me to commit suicide.

"The year was up and I was in despair, when in the street I met an old acquaintance, who informed me of my ex-wife's motto, 'Pause to reflect.' I cried at the glad tidings. I ran back to my room and prostrated myself, prostrating the All-Merciful to pardon me for my lack of faith, and then thanked the Lord of the Three Worlds, who, when asked, grants, and often prayed for aid, aids.

"I pleased me to know the accident happened in the car I gave Doris, the car which still bears my escutcheon on the door, though she has no right to exhibit this emblazonry since our divorce. I have sent my lawyers, Coudert Freres, to tell her to take off my coat-of-arms, but she refuses. Furthermore, she continues to break the law by parading around with the title of Princess.

That the Prince is in earnest about his objections to his American former wife using his name is evidenced by an advertisement which recently appeared in a Paris publication of an American newspaper. It was as follows:

"I, Prince Farid of Sadri-Azam, the Nezam-ed-Dowleh of Isfahan (to-day)[illegible] the Farid-es-Sultanet and former Imperial Commissioner of Persia and of the Royal House of the [illegible] reigning dynasty), declare that having been divorced in May, 1926, from my wife, the former Mrs. Mercer [illegible] Kresge, she has, therefore, no legal right to use my name hereafter.

"Concerning this divorce, I will inform the civilized world, especially the American public, by the publication of a book my only alternative.

And [illegible]

Prince Sultanet-es-Saltaneh [illegible] to tell when he will come out in court over the wife accused her divorce is strongly indicative of the second paragraph.

How much is stated that the Prince is not extremely ill over her, though he blames the former Mrs. Kresge for [illegible] he considers was cause [illegible] suspicions, and [illegible] scandalous [illegible] Farid says that through his [illegible] over her, he spent years in a sanitarium at Hyeres, Mediterranean, on the outskirts of Paris, where he became [illegible] as a morphine and used to be awake for ten days at a stretch, his eyes [illegible] as a maniac, thinking [illegible] and [illegible] scandals about the region of the month denote the right width.

"The Prince first encountered the present American divorcee shortly after she had been separated from the chain-store Croesus, Sebastian Kresge.

Born Doris Mercer, of Pittsburgh, the daughter of a police captain, the Princess-to-be married, when little more than a schoolgirl, Percy D. Harden, a magazine publisher. In 1919 this marriage went on the rocks, Doris securing a divorce.

Soon after, journeying to New York, where she intended to take value suits and, eventually, to sing in opera, she met Kresge. On one of their voyages [illegible] who was a frigid, slow mind, into a merchandising genius and a fortune estimated at $60,000,000. Kresge became infatuated with the girl and was said to have sponsored her career as a singer. In 1923 the wealthy store-owner, following his divorce from his first wife, became engaged to Doris, and later they were married.

But the marriage was brief and expensive for Kresge. In 1926 scarcely two years after they had been married, Mrs. Kresge sued to recover some $2,000,000 worth of Kresge stores stock which she claimed had been promised her as a pre-nuptial present, but never given her. Kresge, contrary, and the suit was withdrawn. Finally, in 1928, after having paid detectives to trail her husband for a year, Doris brought suit for divorce, naming six correspondents.

One of the six was Gladys Ardelle Fish, who was, Mrs. Kresge charged, found hiding, scantily clad, in one of Kresge's apartments when detectives raided the place. Eventually Mrs. Kresge was awarded her divorce and with it a settlement reported to have been $5,000,000.

Once again her thoughts turned toward opera, and with her golden voice and golden bank-account she journeyed to Paris for the purpose of further instruction. With three million pre-Roosevelt American dollars, which then were worth a good dollar each, Doris moved among the best circles of Parisian society, and it was there Prince Farid wooed and won her.

The handsome olive-skinned Oriental, bestarred with decorations, introduced himself to her at a ball as Prince Farid of Sadri-Azam, the Nezam-ed-Dowleh of Isfahan, the quotidian Farid-es-Sultaneh and Imperial Commissioner of the Royal House of Persia's last reigning dynasty.

"The high-sounding titles took her fancy and, in 1933, Doris married her Prince Charming at the Mosque, Paris, according to Moslem rites. Afterwards, Paris exclaimed with his beloved *Ze* the clime of the East, "where clocks strike happiness and one lives only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose."

But the Djinn of Discord spreads his toils alike for the mighty and the mean, and the Prince says he came back from his wedding-voyage supremely wretched, having discovered that the first month of marriage is, as it is written in the book of Zetchevela, the moon of honey, and that the second is the moon of wormwood.

According to Doris's allegations in the suit which won her divorce, Farid's philandering caused their connubial infelicity. The Prince was Oriental in his attitude toward women, she claimed, and with careless hand scattered on light ladies the Kresge millions awarded her by the law-courts. Like the lady in the Arabian Nights' tale of "Hasan of El-Basrah," Doris might have exclaimed:

"Beware of listening to the words of the Persians, for they are great deceivers who trick people and take their wealth by means of false pretenses."

The Prince, however, says he never ogled other women, and swears by the beard of the Prophet that he did not waste his wife's money on townsmixes. He asserts that it was a great error for the Paris Tribunal to grant a divorce in Doris' favor, that he is the injured party, and that he is writing a book of memoirs in which her conduct toward him will be revealed.

Not long ago the Prince is reported to have unburdened his soul to the Maharajah of Mysore, one of his old cronies, who lately visited Paris. Spreading out his arms, and lifting his face to the sky as if appealing for the compassion of Allah, the Persian aristocrat, according to a friend to whom he repeated the incident, spoke somewhat as follows:

"In the name of the most just God—Rezaan Yezdan Fahlegzathghor dadar—the fruit of my misfortunes dates from the melancholy day when I took Doris Mercer Kresge to wife. Cursed be Zohra, the planet Venus, that blazed down on us at our first meeting!

"I once looked upon Doris as the balsam of my existence; may Allah forgive my past offenses!—and guarded her as the apple of my eye. She was blooming as the sun at dawn, and I can never forget the long dark languish of her gazelle-like eyes, the witchery of her white arms. But the dimple in her chin was a dangerous well, filled with her lover's tears, into which I fell and was drowned.

"Before the nuptial rites, she promised to remain sober and abstain from spirituous liquors, to renounce singing in public, and not to gamble on the Stock Exchange. But she broke all her promises and my heart, O Allah!

"Having drunk wine, she behaved indecorously before my guests, including the Aga Khan, the Maharajah of Baroda and the ex-King of Spain. She lost thousands at the Bourse, and her stupid speculations brought disgrace on the name of my ancestors, who built and embellished the ramparts round the Holy Places of the Hedjaz.

"When I reproached her with soft words, Doris lashed me with her tongue or gave me a resounding slap in the face with hands covered with gems that I had bought her.

"Once, when I returned to Paris from a cure at Aix-les-Bains, my train was 45 minutes late, yet she would not believe it, hinting I had been to a rendezvous with one of my fiances during that three-quarters of an hour. A sworn written statement from the station-master, declaring the train was late, failed to convince her, and she charged me with having obtained the declaration by bribing the railroad official.

"To make people think I was a breaker of female hearts, she would hire women to enter my bed-room, in some pretext or other, and then, before the door was closed, rush in and point me out to her friends, gathered there especially to make me a laughing-stock—telling them what a dissolute rogue I was.

"These hired women! hear me, O Allah! would knock at my door and, when I opened it, fling their arms about my neck and go into raptures over my dark-glancing eyes. I grew so accustomed to this farce that I always had a bed-pillow or book handy to throw at the head of any fair intruder.

"Not content with afflicting me in this manner, she deeply humiliated me by accusing notabilities—whom I had invited to my entertainments—of stealing her jewels (which she had merely misplaced or purposely concealed). She once charged Chaumet's famous jewelry establishment, in the Rue de la Paix, with substituting cheap stones for expensive ones in a pair of earrings I had bought for her there.

"A few months after our divorce, Doris even had the audacity to ask me to marry her again. When I replied that I would rather take to my bosom a sackful of snakes, that I would rather dwell with a lion or a dragon than live any longer with her, she flew into a rage and confessed, with a mocking laugh, that she had done everything in her power to plague me, hoping she might finally drive me mad or make me kill myself and so be rid of me for good."

Here Farid stopped speaking for want of breath. This gave the Maharajah of Mysore, who had listened attentively to the Prince's outburst, an opportunity of offering him a bit of advice. He counselled his unhappy friend to marry again, but not by any means to wed his former wife.

"I am older than you," said the Maharajah, "and therefore I have more experience than you. For this reason believe me when I say that you must forget this woman and pay court to some other daughter of Eve, if you ever wish to regain your health and peace of mind. The most effectual antipoison for a woman is a woman. True, this is exorcising Satan by Beelzebub, and often in such a case the cure is worse than the disease. But there is at least a chance; and in desperate love-sorrows, to change the inamorata is certainly the wisest thing. May Allah bless you!"

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England's Ideas About Cutting Down Highway Mishaps

LONDON

THE British are as a race a road and level-headed lot. They do not handle automobiles with less skill and common sense than the drivers of other nations, but Great Britain has a lot of people and many motor cars packed into a comparatively small area, and this congestion contributes to the country's rather alarming toll of highway casualties.

London and other big cities have tried various schemes to make the roads safer for drivers and for people afoot. At all busy intersections in the British capital special stop lights have been installed and the roads have been plainly marked, with paint to route traffic in the least hazardous way.

But the number of fatalities and accidents is still high and all sorts of experiments are being tried out to cut down the toll. The photographs on this page show three of the most interesting ideas that are at the moment engaging the attention of safety officials and the general public.

In the rural sections of the island collisions between animals and motor cars were all too common. Drivers were always running into horses and cattle. Several towns tried signs painted with large letters and illuminated at night. Those signs carried such warnings as "Please slow down. Farm animals have to use these roads." Those signs did some good, but they did not solve the problem.

A few farmers went to the trouble and expense of equipping their draft horses with headlights fitted with dry batteries. Others adopted the less expensive method shown in one of the pictures on this page. They fixed white discs to the knees of their horses — white spots which reflected the glare of headlights. One breeder in Kent bought 200 sets of the strange "knee pads" which were attached to his herd of prize dairy stock.

White Disc Reflectors Are a Favorite Device of Rural Englishmen, Who Attach Them to Their Work Horses' Legs to Warn Approaching Motorists Against Possible Collisions.

In the Urban and Suburban Localities, Many Pedestrians Have Adopted the Shoulder Mirror, So That They Can See Behind Them While Walking on Dangerous Highways.

English Drivers Have Their Steering Wheels on the Right Side, and Use Lettered Gloves to Warn Other Autoists When They Intend Making Turns.

One or two resourceful manufacturers, well aware of the number of pedestrians that were being killed or injured in motor accidents week after week devised the shoulder mirror, shown in the photograph at the center of the page. At first glance this gadget may seem a bit ridiculous and more of a selling stunt than a practical necessity. But the market for the device is active and Britishers who spend their week-end holidays walking through the country's suburbs and rural lanes say that the idea is sound. Not only does the mirror make it possible for them to see cars coming from behind, but the lights of the cars are reflected in the square of looking-glass, thus catching the eyes of drivers and telling them that something is on the road.

The British rules of the road are different from those laid down in other countries. Englishmen keep to the left and most of their automobiles are built with "right-hand drive"—that is, the steering wheel is at the right side of the car. This being so it is somewhat more difficult for drivers to make left turns than for operators of machines seated at the left of the front seat.

England has the familiar hand signals to inform the drivers of other cars that the signaler is about to stop, turn right or back up. But no matter how plainly these signs are given, they still do not prevent careless or reckless drivers from adding to the death and accident toll.

To make hand signaling more effective, many British motorists use gloves like that shown in one of the pictures. On the back of this glove is the letter L, indicating "left," and on the palm is the letter R, which, of course, stands for "right."

With these easily seen "mittens" it is easy for any driver to make himself understood, and there is much less excuse for other drivers to get tangled up with him. The gadgets have not yet become standard equipment all over the country, but they are fast gaining popularity, and the driver who wears them and uses them properly gets a much better break with the "hobbies" when he finds himself involved in a highway mishap.

In many British cities and towns the police themselves have adopted white gauntlets, and in some places wide white straps across their tunics, so that drivers may see them better and be moved to drive more carefully in a country that has too many automobiles for its size and population. In rural towns some of the constables carry lighted batons to direct traffic.

Fair Arizona Co-Eds Who Organized Their Own College Fire Company

ON the campus of the State College at Tempe, Arizona, the students don't talk of their "heavy fire ladies." They speak, and with understandable warmth and enthusiasm, of their "charming fire maids"—the hard-working young women shown in the photograph at the right.

Here and there about the country alert publicity men have set members of the fair sex on fire trucks, dressed them in "smoke-eaters" hats, put axes and the nozzles of hoses in their well-manicured hands and snapped fetching pictures of them. Except in a few cases these photographs haven't meant what they implied. As soon as the cameraman had picked up his kit of tools and departed, the girls took off the adornment and left any emergencies to the regular masculine crew.

It may be that any serious fire at the Arizona State College would have to be handled by men, too. But the co-eds shown in the photograph insist that they are much more than "models" posing for a picture that enchants the eye. They actually have a volunteer organization and are quite capable, they say, of doing a good job if their services are needed.

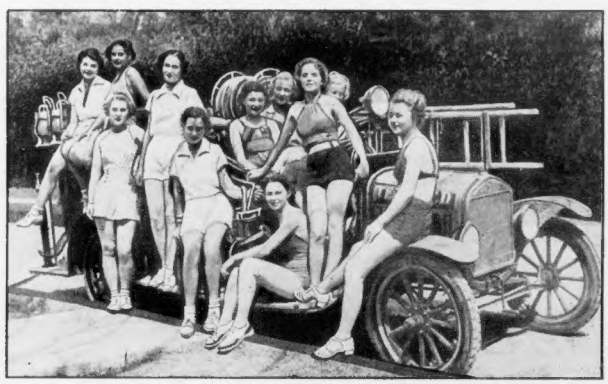
Most of the young women drive automobiles and some of them have demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt that they can sit behind the wheel of the fire truck and take it wherever it is called with speed and safety.

Another thing the girls in the company are, most of them, distinguished for athletics and are in fine physical condition. Their grandmothers, perhaps, or even their mothers, might have been all out of place at a fire. But these progressive modern and "emancipated" seekers after knowledge have muscle to match their nerve and their confidence.

"I suppose," said one of the volunteer outfit, "that people will look at these pictures that were taken of us and smile—if they don't laugh out loud at the idea of college girls being of any possible use at a fire. Well, the doubting Thomases will be wrong. We really can drive the truck, squirt the hose and drive an axe through a window pane as well as anyone. Being the right thing at a fire is more a matter of brains than of brawn. If we're called into action, we'll get along all right."

Another of the pretty "smoke-eaters" offered another slant on the situation. "There's something about a fire that 'gets' women as well as men. The need for action and the excitement of doing something dangerous and worthwhile often has made me want to hop on a fire truck and be more than a pop-eyed spectator. All of us feel that way about fires and this may—though I hope the college never has a serious fire—give us our chance to realize a frustrated urge."

One prominent civic official in Arizona drew a cheer from the fire lassies when he said, and in apparent seriousness, "I don't see why a lot of young, strong girls couldn't do a good job at a fire. Nowadays women are into everything. They're bankers, lawyers, doctors, diplomats, automobile mechanics and even blacksmiths. Some of us men may feel that the girls are getting out of their territory, but the fact remains that they have these jobs and are doing all right at them. Perhaps they're good at fighting fire, too. I don't see why they shouldn't take a fling at it."



These Pretty College Firefighters of Arizona State College, Not Only Answer Alarms, but Drive Their Own Truck, and Go About Conquering a Blaze With Skill and Courage.

Cast of a Footprint Just 100,000,000 Years Old

MOST young women, had they stumbled upon the irregular chunk of rock which the girl at the right is standing behind, wouldn't have given the object a second look. But it happened that Miss Louise Taylor, who discovered the relic is a University of Utah co-ed with a keen interest in geology. It also happened that she was browsing about the Carbon ceal mine, of which her father is the boss, when she spotted this dark lump and shouted, as though she had found a nugget of gold: "What luck! a dinosaur track!"

There aren't many girls in the country who would recognize such a thing if they saw it, but Louise Taylor did and she saw to it that the unbeautiful object was carefully preserved and shown to several professors whose job it is to know about the world as it was millions of years ago.

The college student took a good look at the spot where she made the discovery, checked up with the facts in her geology books and deduced that the monster that planted his foot down on the soil of what is now the State of Utah did so about a hundred million years ago. The professors agreed with her and complimented her for absorbing so much of her geology in her classes.

The big footprint measures 23 inches by 17 inches. It is not, of course, the actual foot of one of the giant reptiles that once roamed this country. It is a sort of natural cast of the imprint made by the beast's foot. Probably the ground where the dinosaur walked was soft and boggy. In the course of time the rotted vegetable matter petrified—gradually turned to stone-like carboniferous material.

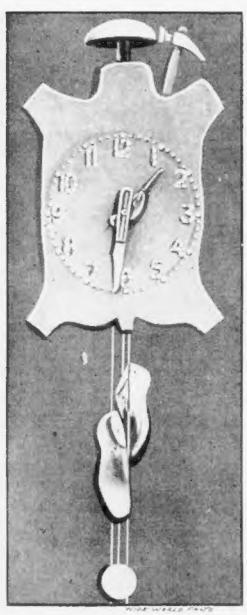
That's another thing that Miss Taylor knew what Utah was like back in the dim past which such discoveries as hers help to visualize and understand. She was aware that in the so-called Carboniferous period the climate was moist and mild, and that luxurious vegetation covered great areas of the Middle West.

This vegetation was not like the trees we have today but reedy growth of gigantic size. These "trees" grew rapidly, and in time blew down, fell down and covered the surface of the earth with a thick layer of steaming, dead matter. Over centuries of time this matter was covered over. The carbon, in which it was rich, slowly turned to coal. All the coal we have today was, millions of years ago, the leaves and stalks of gigantic trees.

The soil of Utah has given up many priceless relics of prehistoric times. Scientists have, in the past century, dug up the bones and the fossil impressions of many sorts of reptilian brutes that went down to extinction in the endless battle for the survival of the fittest. Some of these bones have been assembled and restored and set up in the country's natural history museums, and provide a graphic picture of the prehistoric past.

Miss Louise Taylor Holding a Moulded Outline of a Huge Dinosaur's Footprint Made in Utah a Hundred Million Years Ago.

Put This All Into This Clock



In Northern Ireland This Shoemaker's Clock Came Into Existence. It Consists of Hammer, Awl, Shoe Protectors for Weights, Brass Sole and Heel Rivets, and the Pendulum Finishes It All Off. It Is a Can of Shoe Polish.

MARKING the passing hours has been more or less of a science for several centuries, and since the invention of the clock the device has been made in thousands of variations. One of the most imaginative and amusing departures from the standard models is shown in the photograph at the left.

This timepiece that ticks away in a little village in Northern Ireland is called the Shoemaker's Clock for obvious reasons. The face of the clock is a leather hide which would have gone into the making of stout boots if it hadn't been someone's whimsy to fashion it into part of a clock.

Several other tools of the shoemaker's trade went into the mechanism which, if reports from Erin's Isle are true, is as accurate as London's world-famous Big Ben. The works, of course, are orthodox. The cogs and wheels and pinions were not made of cobbler's nails and other items that grace the workman's bench. But most of the parts that show could be picked up in any shoe-making establishment.

The small hammer is there, and the awl and the stout nails that Hibernian bootmakers put into their wares. The pendulum, in the spirit of the creation, is weighted with a can of shoe polish.

The owner of the odd clock has been made many offers by collectors for the ingenious object, but he isn't interested in selling it. Some months ago a wealthy Londoner traveled all the way from the British capital to see the clock—and to offer ten times the cost of making it—but he was sent home empty handed with the information that there is no patent on the "shoemaker's clock" if anyone wants to take the time and trouble to build a copy of it.

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When Is a Person Crazy or Merely Eccentric?

Even Science Finds It Is Not Easy to Tell Whether Such Astonishing Exploits as Those of the Late Congressman Zioncheck Were Prankish Antics or Truly Irrational Acts

On His Honeymoon, Congressman Zioncheck Decided to Wade Through the Fountain at Radio City, New York. Truly an Eccentric Thing to Do, and More So for a Nation's Lawmaker Than an Ordinary Person, but Still Pranks of This Kind Do Not Constitute Insanity.

Congressman Zioncheck with His Wife Having Fun on His Honeymoon at Palm Beach. Although Congressmen Are Supposed to Be Dignified, the Fact That He Was Riding the Kiddy Car Was No Real Evidence of Anything Seriously Wrong Mentally.

Device for Observing Patients in Asylums or Sanitariums When They Think Themselves Entirely Alone. The Slit in the Door Is Not Visible From Inside and Motion Pictures of the Patient Are Taken and Studied for Evidence of Insanity.

Mrs. Florence Adelaide Pratt, Who Was Declared Merely Eccentric and Not Insane, Even Though She Did Bite Her Toenails, Scald Her Husband and Publicly Insult King George's Uncle.

Manuel Herrick, of Oklahoma, Another Congressman Who Did Amusing and Eccentric Things.

The Late Mrs. George Fales Baker, Whose Will Could Not Be Broken Despite Her Eccentricities, Which Many Thought Were Traits of Insanity.

WHEN Marion A. Zioncheck, United States Congressman from the state of Washington, who killed himself recently, was going through his antics in the national capital a few weeks ago, nobody thought at first that he might be crazy. [illegible]

[illegible] Acting as his own lawyer, Herrick, in a deep-pitched voice asked himself his name, replying in a high-pitched voice. He conducted the entire examination in the double voices, and won an award of one cent damages.

Another famous eccentric was the old Mrs. Florence Pratt, daughter of Isaac Singer, inventor of the first practical sewing machine. During her lifetime it was testified she bit her own toenails, scalded her husband and publicly insulted the uncle of King George. When she died she left money to servants, dressmakers and artists but nothing to certain near relatives. An attempt to break the will on the grounds she was insane failed, when a judge ruled that while she may have been eccentric she was not crazy.

There was a similar court ruling in the case of the late Mrs. George Fales Baker, of Philadelphia, [illegible]

Many tests for insanity also are made in purely mental fashion; by questions, by watching what the suspected person does or says, by exploring his mind under hypnotism or through the special technique of psycho-analysis. One serious symptom is delusion of persecution. The person who begins to feel and to say that everyone is against him, or that some group of powerful but law-abiding people have become his enemies and are seeking his life, is in serious danger of a mental breakdown if not actual insanity. Ceaseless activity is another dangerous symptom, including the kind that consists in talking continually without saying anything new, although certainly not all persons with a flow of speech can be considered insane.

As in other diseases, there seldom is one definite sign of insanity. The expert must study all the patient's symptoms and try to decide what is indicated by all of them together.

Often the decision must be made not on any symptom or list of symptoms which definitely show insanity but merely on prevailing exaggeration of traits shown in some degree by ordinary people. One example of this is the mental disturbance called manic-depressive insanity, which amounts merely to an extreme of the ordinary trait of moodiness.

All ordinary people have their good days and their bad ones. On good days they feel happy, friendly with everybody, optimistic about the future, pleased with themselves and that kind of thing. On their bad days they feel distressed and unhappy, sure that misfortune is just around the corner, irritable and antagonistic toward their family and friends. Nobody thinks this in any way abnormal, but if this moodiness becomes too extreme it indicates serious mental trouble.

Another popular test of insanity, which experts no longer are likely to use or think important, is the presence of delusions or hallucinations. People who see elephants in their bedrooms or feel what they think are live frogs in their stomachs or hear voices which are not there may be insane. Such delusions and hallucinations do occur in various forms of insanity.

The point is that they also happen to many other people who are not insane and are in no danger of becoming so.

Fatigue, germ diseases, high fever, faults of eyes or ears and many other bodily conditions may produce similar delusions or hallucinations. Experts inquiring about sanity or insanity are likely to neglect such things and emphasize other symptoms either mental or physical.

One thing which might help enormously in making sure about insanity, if only the experts dared to accept it fully, is the idea of Dr. Camille Streletski, of Paris, that insanity can be determined from the handwriting. A few weeks ago Dr. Streletski published a book in which, among other things, he collected handwriting specimens of another famous Parisian physician, Dr. Alexandre Guenint, during seventy-five years of Dr. Guenint's 100-year lifetime. In the specimens Dr. Streletski believes that he can trace all of the illnesses, misfortunes and other events in Dr. Guenint's lifetime.

No one implies that Dr. Guenint was insane, but Dr. Streletski believes that by certain signs in handwriting of other individuals it is possible for him to distinguish not only symptoms of actual insanity but signs that insanity may be beginning or is threatened. Unfortunately, other experts in mental disease do not, as yet, accept Dr. Streletski's theories.

It undoubtedly is true that some relation exists between handwriting and insanity. One of the chief things upon which handwriting depends is the character of the nervous reflexes. This is one of Dr. Streletski's chief indications of advancing age in persons whose handwriting he has studied. As one passes middle age the nervous reflexes inevitably slow up and become somewhat less accurate, usually affecting the steadiness, evenness, and so on of the handwriting.

Similar reflexes in another field are those of the pupil of the eye when exposed to light or dark. Normal eyes tend quickly to adjust themselves to such changes of light. The pupils get smaller when there is more light, larger when there is less. The perfection and speed of this reflex is one of the things always tested by experts looking for symptoms of insanity or of milder nervous disorders. In some brain conditions one eye may respond properly while the other fails to do so. In any case of serious nervous disturbance this eye reflex usually is changed in some way. Frequently it becomes sluggish or even fails to appear.

Another reflex not so much used because it is more difficult to test and often less reliable is the skin reflex used in one form of the so-called "lie detector." This is a reflex in which the electrical resistance of the skin changes. Measured by suitable apparatus, this change often indicates fright, anger or some similar emotion. As a detector of lies, the apparatus has proved a more or less complete failure, since what it really measures is emotion rather than lying. Any kind of emotion will affect it. Lying will not affect it unless also accompanied by anxiety or fright.

In examining the condition of a patient's nervous system, this skin reflex may be useful either by indicating the exaggerated response to ordinary things, or by indicating an almost complete absence of the normal response. Curiously enough, it is the latter which is more likely to indicate insanity. A too easy or extreme response to the lie-detector stimulus may mean nothing but excitement or embarrassment. A slow or absent response, when normal persons would show a quicker or greater activity, not infrequently means something wrong with the nervous system or the brain.

Other sets of tests resemble those used in testing candidates for jobs as airplane pilots. One of the things tested for is ability to maintain one's sense of balance even when turned upside down, swung rapidly in a revolving chair or subjected to similar experiences.

Last year Dr. H. H. Jasper and Dr. Leonard Carmichael of Brown University showed that normal brains send out these electric pulses from eight to twelve times each second. In a few cases of brain disease also tested, the pulsing of the brain waves was found to be much slower, only two or three times a second. It is too soon to be sure that this is a real insanity test. Indeed, it is unlikely that any one thing ever will be an insanity test. The use of brain waves promises, however, to be important.

Another possibility of direct test for certain kinds of insanity is the measurement of the amount of sugar in the blood, investigated, among other experts, by Dr. H. Stren-Olsen of the University of Cardiff, Wales. Normal individuals show always a small but important amount of blood sugar. In some kinds of mental disease this blood sugar percentage seems to be changed, although the dependability of this test is affected by the fact that both food and exercise also affect the same blood sugar percentage.

But quite too often even prolonged observation of the suspected individual is not enough to prove either sanity or insanity. If it be true that in the midst of life we are in death, it is just as true that in the midst of sanity one may be either eccentric or insane—and even science finds it hard to say which is which.

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Failed In 32 Attempts To Kill Herself

HILDA STRASSINGER, 19, is back home with her parents in Vienna after her thirty-second attempt to commit suicide, and her parents hope cured at last of the strange mania for trying to kill herself spectacularly. It was Hilda's most recently attempted suicide, physicians believe, which cured her, after all other means had failed. Having been something of a senseless girl, Hilda tried to smash her head by butting it against a stone wall. She knocked herself unconscious, and scientists believe that she also literally knocked some sense into her brain, by shocking certain nerve centers.

Hilda began her strange wooing of death when she was only 14. She is the daughter of the proprietors of an inn and restaurant in Vienna, where silver wedding dining is an only child, and her parents admit that they are partly to blame for her emotional upheavals because they have always indulged her whims and did a fine job of spoiling her. Hilda, on her own account, never failed to take full advantage of her parents' devotion to her. They thought she would outgrow her selfishness, but how badly they were mistaken can be judged from the events that followed the first serious outburst by Hilda, one night five years ago. On that evening a friend of the family's came into the restaurant and gave the girl a ticket to a fancy dress ball to be held in a neighboring town the following night. Hilda was delighted and accepted.

The next day Hilda asked her father for permission to go to the dance and also for money to buy a masquerade costume. Contrary to his usual habit, her father refused to give his permission. First of all, he said, he had to go to Linz, a town some distance away, to see some wine merchants on business that could not be postponed. Secondly, Hilda was needed at the inn to help her mother serve a large party from Vienna that night.

Hilda did not scream with rage or stamp her feet as she usually did. Instead she went quietly off to her room.

Some hours later, her mother closed up the restaurant and went upstairs to Hilda's room. She found her daughter

Dashing Down a Long Path, With Her Head Bent Down, Hilda Butted Against a Stone Wall and Knocked Herself Senseless. But It Cured Her of Suicidal Mania.

stretched out on the bed, her face purple and swollen. Clasped in one hand was a half-empty bottle of poison.

The frightened mother ran downstairs and awakened the neighbors who went in search of a doctor, and by some medical wonder the physician saved her life.

From that time on Hilda became more nervous and selfish than ever. If any obstacle were put in the way of obtaining a wish Hilda would threaten suicide again.

The months that followed brought a startling change in Hilda. She boasted to her awestruck young friends that she had lived the feeling of death and that it had been a mistake to bring her back to life.

Her second attempt to kill herself had no apparent motive. One afternoon she visited some friends with her mother. She seemed unusually cheerful and light-hearted and her mother began to feel that, at last, Hilda was overcoming her melancholy moods. While refreshments were being served, Hilda excused herself for a moment and went into one of the bedrooms. She walked to a window, opened it and jumped out. She landed on the roof of a veranda on some mattresses and sofa cushions which some tenant had spread out to air.

Following that attempt it was just one effort after another to kill herself. Unsuccessfully she tried to drown herself in the Danube River, only to be rescued. When she was recovering she tried to bleed to death by slashing her wrists and throat but blood transfusions saved her.

As her methods of attempted suicide grew more varied and always unsuccessful—the Juvenile Court decided to send the young girl to the sanitarium of Dr. Alfred Adler, the well-known psychologist and specialist in mental diseases. She made no further attempt while there and after a few months was discharged as cured.

One forty-eight hours after she returned home she made her most fantastic attempt to kill herself. It was one hot day last Summer when Hilda told her mother that she was tired and wished to rest for a while. She walked to an unshaded and deserted part of the garden back of the inn. Along one side was a row of beehives, built by Hilda's father. Hilda went to the hives and took off the wooden covers. Then she removed her clothing and lay down on the ground under the broiling hot sun. With a stick she poked at the hives until the excited bees swarmed angrily around her.

Sting after sting cut through her flesh which was being burned and blistered by the heat. When they found her she was almost beyond recognition. She was forced to stay in bed for several months and almost died—but not quite. Her parents by this time were afraid to have her at home and sent her back to the hospital.

She had only been there a few hours when she broke loose from an attendant, hired to watch her. Dashing down a long path head first, she butted her head against a wall and was knocked senseless. When she was finally aroused from unconsciousness she began to get better and her attitude toward life changed. The doctors agreed that being knocked senseless might have brought about a correcting influence on the nerve centers of the brain. In other words, Hilda had to be knocked senseless to get sense.

A few days ago to court. Hilda told the judge that she was going to attempt something else—not suicide this time but marriage. So the spoiled child is on her good behavior just now, but after she is married and the first family row occurs—then what?

Fleeing Convicts Captured By Plucky High School Boys

INSIDE the prison walls, three men decided the time was right. It was late afternoon. Guards were inattentive, listless in the warm Arizona sunshine. Harry Jarrett nodded to his convict pals, Bill Lynn and Harry Smith.

Quickly they hoisted a long pole. It had a hook on one end, and swiftly they hung it to the top of the wall. It had been wrapped with pieces of old clothing, so that it could be easily climbed. In a moment, all three convicts were on top of the wall. They lowered the pole on the outside, slipped down it, and ran along the roadway.

Over on the campus of the Florence High School, the boys' basketball team was at practice. Charles Robinson, age 16, was just squatting to loop a long throw when he caught a glimpse of prison gray. He stood up, staring.

"Say, aren't those convicts?" he asked his teammates.

Basketball play stopped at once. Everybody stared.

Three men in telltale gray, the State penitentiary uniform, were trying frantically to start a car parked in front of the school.

"Come on, gang!" Charles shouted, as he dropped the ball and ran. Thus the basketball team, clad only in shorts and jerseys, abruptly became a wild western posse, eight boys, almost naked, went tearing down the highway.

Ahead of them ran Harry Jarrett, escaped prisoner, and his two pals in gray, all trying desperately to cease being guests of the State of Arizona. Suddenly Jarrett swerved northwest. Lynn and Smith headed west toward an Indian village. Quickly the young basketball players divided, four going after Jarrett and four going after the other two.

"Come out, or we'll drag you out," the Boys Shouted. And Jarrett, the Bad Man of the West, Crawled From Under the House and Meekly Submitted to Capture.

Now Harry Jarrett is a fellow on whom luck rests, usually. It is quite a habit with him to make successful prison breaks. But that day he wasn't in as good condition as he might have been once, so he turned a corner and hastily dived into the cellar of a house, hoping thus to hide.

Whoosh! shrilled young Robinson. "I got him now. He went right under my own home!"

In his own front yard, therefore, the boy stopped his three panting teammates, and they knelt down to look under the house.

"It's no use," the lad called. "We got you. Come on out." Jarrett didn't answer.

"Come out, or we'll come drag you out," the boys again warned.

Boys, threatening to drag out Harry Jarrett! Jarrett had shot down Patrick O'Reilly in cold blood, while attempting a brazen robbery of a drugstore.

But he came crawling out, muttering. The youths surrounded him.

"Aw, fellers, he good sports," he pleaded. "Let me go."

"No can do," they answered. "Sit down, let's rest while we think." All of them were out of breath. And somebody had to figure out how to get Jarrett back to prison.

That problem was solved when two prison guards dashed up in a car, bristling with guns. They blinked in astonishment when they saw Harry, a prisoner of four kids.

The kids ain't as soft as you sissies with shotguns are," conceded Harry, and went on back to his cell. He even waved an admiring farewell to Charles Robinson, Dave Hood, Nick Shepherd and Louis Cathener, who had captured him.

Meantime, the other four teammates, Ned Palmer, Edward Markley, Troy Blanton and Wayne Foster (all under 17½ had run down Smith and Lynn. Two more armed guards from prison came up on horseback and took these two convicts in charge.

The boys showed a 15-inch stiletto, made from a pitchfork prong, taken from one of the fleeing men. It made a nice souvenir of the afternoon to put in the high school trophy case.

Harry Jarrett and his pals did not go back immediately to their old prison routine. They went to "the snakes," which is prison slang for solitary confinement on bread and water, much chagrined over the turn of affairs. But escaping the attention of men with pistols and shotguns, the convicts had been seen dropping from the wall by a small boy outside. He ran and mentioned it to the wife of the prison secretary, who sounded the alarm. Then, slightly older boys ceased their play to effect the actual capture. Harry Jarrett's luck had changed.

Jarrett made his first prison escape nearly 12 years ago, while serving a short term for burglary. Later he drifted into Phoenix, and on a Winter's night in 1931 he and Joe Eagan held up a drugstore, or tried to. They walked in and demanded that Pat O'Reilly put up his hands.

Pat was Irish, and his hands came up shooting. Eagan crumpled and fell. Jarrett shot and killed O'Reilly—and there Harry Jarrett was with two bodies before him. Quickly he glanced around. Nobody in sight yet, lucky Harry! He could easily escape, he figured. But luck often has a twisted sense of humor. When Jarrett walked out the front door, he met the one man on earth he least desired to meet—George Dubois, who had served 16 years as Phoenix Chief of Police. The Chief was a personal friend of the druggist, and had just dropped in to see his friend. Jarrett went to jail, though, because the jury decided he needn't swing. For the cold-blooded murder he was given a life term, and on May 1, 1931, he entered the State Prison at Florence.

Luck came back to sit with Harry, though, because the

The front gate there is made of heavy iron. Stern men with loaded rifles patrol high walls every minute of the day and night. But when Harry felt the urge to go visiting over in Texas or Georgia, his old haunts, he went. The prison warden's face was so red about it for a year or two that it became a political issue in Arizona.

After his first seven months in the prison, he and a friend decided to leave. And so one night Jarrett reached up and snipped some wires, with stolen pliers. Instantly the whole prison was in darkness. When the lights came on again, Mr. Jarrett and a friend were missing.

He met a pretty girl in Georgia, and married her. He bought a Shetland pony and a camera, and went around taking pictures of children. He was arrested some months later in a gambling raid.

They held him for several days, on suspicion. Meantime his fingerprints were circulated about the country, as a matter of routine. Arizona authorities saw them, and telegraphed to hold that man.

"We let him go; had nothing on him," came the disappointing reply.

But the Arizona authorities got Harry a while later in Atlanta. A few weeks later he walked right out of the Arizona prison gate. He was unlucky enough to be caught in a police raid three weeks later in El Paso. Back to prison he went again. But four months later he got out again under a load of garbage, but it was more than he could stand and he cried for help. Next time he went out in a sack, but this position was so cramped he had to call the guards to free him. And then he went back to his cell to remain until his last (it is hoped) break, which was foiled by mere schoolboys.

Town Invaded By Famished Legion Of Baboons

FAMINE among the baboons of South Africa during the past Summer has brought them from their remote haunts in the veld and rocky kopjies into the farming areas and even into the towns of their remote cousin and immediate enemy: Man.

The famine was caused by a heart-rending drought which dried up all the rivers and withered away vast stretches of wild vegetation and trees, on whose fruits the baboon normally subsist.

In the Bechuanaland Protectorate, at the best of times only removed from desert conditions by one rainy season, the baboons died in great numbers. Troops of them trekked long distances in the Kalahari Desert, southwards towards Mafeking, famous Boer War siege city of General Baden Powell, and eastwards into the Transvaal; and their frantic quest for food led them into irrigated farms, where they greedily gorged their fill and into the gardens and poultry runs of small towns and villages.

Baboons are only vegetarians of necessity, and when fish, flesh or fowl comes their way they will eat it. Especially is this the case when they are starving; and so it caused little surprise, but a great deal of annoyance, when poultry yards were laid waste by the famished baboons. Such one such village where nothing ever happens, Maritzani, near Mafeking, a large troop of two hundred baboons loped one day, footsore with much wandering and hunger.

The "street" was empty, as it usually is in Maritzani, and there was no mayor to give the strange visitors a civic welcome. On the contrary, when the men and women and children of that little village, which no circus had ever deigned to visit, saw the baboons hopping on to fences and raising a cloud of dust in their main and only street, they locked their doors and shut their windows and looked at one another in fear.

The baboons, like a black plague, invaded vegetable gardens, on which the villagers depended for their own subsistence, and then pounced upon a poultry run, where clucked the hens which supplied the villagers with their

Like a Plague, the Hungry Baboons Invaded Gardens and Poultry Runs, Massacred Fowls, and Then Were Off Again to the Outlands Before Villagers Could Use Their Guns.

eggs and Sunday dinners. The massacre was swift and dreadful, and the air was stormy with death-squawks and flying feathers. It was only a matter of minutes before the baboons had killed every cock, hen and chick in that ill-starred poultry run, and revived their starved bodies.

By the time one or two of the villagers had seized their rifles from the corner and found their cartridges, both massacre and feast were as good as over. Through their windows, the rifles were trained upon the poultry run and shots rang out. About the heads of the baboons angry lead whistled, and they did not stop to ask why. Off they ran, the Old Man of the Tribe barking furiously, now at the houses from where the shots came, now at the lagging members of his troop, and they made their get-away without leaving a single baboon upon the battle-field, although the riflemen swore that they must have wounded some.

This was not the only instance in which, during that time of famine, baboons caused havoc in poultry runs. Nor were fowls the only living creatures that the baboons killed and ate. In the Cape Province, on a farm belonging to Mr. Douglas Galpin, of Rietvlei, near the town of Garaff Reinet, a hundred lambs were destroyed by baboons. The skulls of the lambs were crushed in and their bodies torn to pieces and flung about by the feasting baboons.

Mr. Galpin, in reply, killed dozens of baboons, using oranges, prickly pears and raisins poisoned with strychnine and arsenic, but he killed many more by relying on the passion baboons have for gum. The gum was prepared as a thick jelly, which contained capsules of prussic acid. On the first occasion that he put out this bait, he found, early the next morning, thirteen baboons dead in a heap.

The farmers of the Karroo, that great flat area in the centre of South Africa, famous for the number of sheep it can support with its stunted, knee-high bushes, were also much troubled by marauding baboons during those months of drought. Despite the fact that the Karroo farmers had for long considered that baboons were harmless to sheep, the starving baboons raided the flocks, sometimes killing rams but more often ewes, especially those with lambs.

Wasteful even in times of famine, a tragedy of these raids was that the baboons often merely tore out the ewe's udder or stomach before going on to their next kill. The flocks grazing near koppies were those most preyed upon by the baboons. Such raids instinct, which caused them to throw out sentinels on their raids, made it most difficult for the farmers to wage effective war against them.

In the hills around Windhoek, capital of the Southwest African territory, formerly a German colony and now mandated to the South African Government, the baboons set up a reign of terror. Mad with hunger, the baboons raided the small plantations and gardens around the homesteads. Then, growing bolder, the baboons raided the homesteads themselves, killing fowls, goats and sheep.

The son of one of these farmers was repairing the floor in the living-room when he heard a sound. Turning round, he found himself confronted by a large male baboon. The baboon jumped on him and, when the young man tried to fend off the animal with his arm, the baboon seized the arm in its mouth and bit at it furiously. However, the young man landed the baboon a kick in the solar plexus. This upset the baboon, which sprang out of the window, barking angrily. It returned, seeking what it might devour, and entered the bed-room. The farmer followed it with a gun and shot it dead.

Wash Woman's Sudden Rise To Golf Championship

DOMINGA CAPATI, a sturdy Filipino girl, had never any of the club members had arrived. She found a lost ball in the rough, teed it up, and hit it. Straight down the fairway it sailed, a good 200 yards. Another stroke put her on the green, and still using the driver, the only club she had, she sunk a long putt, playing the hole in par—although at the time she had never heard of par.

But that settled it. Dominga was a natural-born golfer, and knew it. She who had first looked to scoff now started getting up every morning at daylight and playing a round before anyone who might drive her from the links was out of bed. As for her work, there probably never was a wash woman who completed her tasks as quickly as Dominga, for she was eager to spend every moment she could spare on the edge of the course, picking up points.

The caddy who had lent her the club was afraid to tell anybody about it, so Dominga's ability as a golfer might never have been discovered if a foursome had not started out one morning earlier than usual. The men saw her make a sensational drive, and wondering what woman could be out that time of the morning, they crossed over to speak to her.

Dominga was too scared to run, and when the men discovered she was a native of the Philippine Islands they were astonished—but in no way so astonished as she was when one of them handed her a putter and said:

"Here, let's see what you can do with this."

She did so well with it the men were delighted and promptly decided to enter her in a women's tournament. And not long ago this robust, 25-year-old native girl became the women's golf champion of the Islands.

Playing against American women, who are both socially prominent and top-flight golfers, did not throw Dominga off her game. She doesn't know the meaning of nerves, and wastes no time "addressing" the ball. Instead, she makes each stroke in a style that is swift, bold and decisive.

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M G A S J M B W

Remarkable Photographs That Show How a Tiny Parasitic Fly Invades the Nursery of the Deadly Spider and Destroys Her Eggs and Brood

1—The Black Widow Spider Sheds Her Maiden Skin, at the Right, and Immediately Sends Out Her Love Call for a Husband. Enlargement About Four Diameters.

2—He Arrives, the Spindly Little Thing at the Top of the Egg Sac, and After Mating Helps Her Make Her Nest and Pack Her Eggs Into It—And Then, His Usefulness Being Gone, She Kills and Eats Him.

3—The Villainess Fly, Mrs. Gaurax Aranea, Approaches and Investigates the Outside of Mrs. Black Widow's Nursery. Enlargement About Ten Diameters.

4—The Black Widow Seems to Know That the Villainess Is Threatening Her Egg Nest, but Mrs. Aranea Is Too Little and Active for Her to Catch and Eat; the Spider Strikes at the Fly With Her Long Legs and Shakes the Sac to Knock It Off, but the Villainess Comes Back Again and Again Until Her Full Quota of 12 or 18 Eggs Are Stuck Fast.

ON THIS page is one of the most remarkable series of photographs of insect life taken by a camera.

They show how a small parasitic fly attacks the egg sac, or nursery, of two deadly Black Widow spider and lays a number of her brood in the luxurious Black Widow nest, keeping guard over the changelings within the sac until they hatch out into mature flies ready to wing forth and destroy other nests.

This fly, called Gaurax Aranea, is believed by science to be the answer to the question of the Black Widow, and, when bred in sufficient quantities, will check the rapidly-spreading invasion of the spider throughout the country.

The photographs were taken by George Elwood Jenks, assistant and scientist of the Spider and Parasite Research Bureau of Los Angeles County Health Department. The pictures are enlargements, the body of the Black Widow being only half an inch in length and the body of the fly one third as much. For many months Mr. Jenks has been artificially propagating Gaurax Aranea, and under powerful glasses observing their habits. Out of several hundred photographs that he took from the high lights of Mrs. Fly's grim home life, Mrs. Spider, neighborhood fiend, pioneer Black Widow sheds her maiden skin and sends out the call for the mate who is to be the father of her family.

As the size of the spider are greater strength, weight and sale. So the size of the fly are extraordinary speed and agility and persistence.

Like most intense ladies, Mrs. Gaurax Aranea does not bother the pied-a-terre about the honeymoon is over and the bride has settled down to her home. When Miss Black Widow is ready to energize her game to Mrs. she sheds her maiden skin and sends out her love call for a husband as the Time of Those curious shows. Up to then, she has been indifferent to her maternity the between lace-pennies and her two equal bridal fangs are instantly ready to strike. Her bite leaves a minute secretion of a powerful poison that immediately causes intense pain, paralysis and sometimes death to the victim.

The second photograph shows Mrs. Black Widow and her husband. Like all other males of the spider tribe, he is small, insignificant and harmless. She courts have married and made home. Mrs. Black Widow has woven her nursery and covered, inside and three hundred eggs are packed within the sac. Her work is now at the top, hoping to join the finishing touches to it. When the nursery is complete she will see that her task does not be easy. Apparently she is outside accomplice on the front value. Its velvety exquisite web, loop and catch line.

Mrs. Black Widow is not easily awakened. She is also a tremendous mother of four or three hundred baby spiders. But another prospective mother, Mrs. Gaurax Aranea, now becomes involved in nature's scheme of things. She has found Mrs. Black Widow's egg sac and has started to investigate it as Mr. Jenks' third photograph shows.

Mrs. Gaurax Aranea has found that she will bring up her babies in Mrs. Black Widow's nursery. Though tiny is also compared to the latter, as shown in the fourth picture, she is fearless and easily outwits the tyrants which Mrs. Black Widow musters at her web for her long legs. She comes and goes, and apparently can't get the the assistance of her assembly, or nightfall, a crowd surrounds eggs on the outside, while Mrs. Black Widow, unaware of the presence of the enemy, is busily engaged within. Mrs. Gaurax Aranea has now deposited her own eggs among those of Mrs. Black Widow, and is presently relieved when her labors are over.

About 10 days later, Mrs. Black Widow has completed her eggs and her sac. She is now ready to come out to look after the young spiderlings. If Mr. Gaurax Aranea had left the sac, Mrs. Black Widow, on the spiderlings would mean a whole month to their long journey, shutting their eyes to their food, growing and taking on the characteristic Black Widow markings until they were ready to come forth as perfect little spiders.

5—Within the Sac Nursery the Babies of the Black Widow Soon Hatch From Their Eggs, Often Spending a Whole Month There Until They Are Ready to Gnaw a Hole in the Sac and Emerge.

6—But on the Outside the Eggs of Mrs. Aranea Have Hatched Into Tiny Maggots Which Bore Through to the Inside.

7—And There They Quietly Eat the Black Widow's Babies, and Grow Quickly Into Larger and Larger Maggots.

8—But Mother Black Widow Continues to Guard Her Nursery, Never Dreaming That She Is Protecting the Killers of Her Children.

9—Inside the Sac the Children of Mrs. Fly Become Cocoons, Sleeping in Safety.

10—Until They Hatch Out as Flies and Start to Eat Their Way Out of the Black Widow's Nursery.

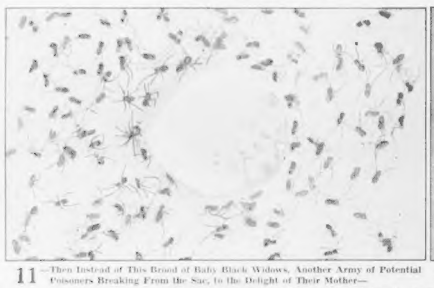
In Picture 9 Mr. Jenks has photographed the young of Mrs. Gaurax Aranea when they first emerge from their cocoons. Two of them, already developed into flies are seen while the others, still in cocoons are spinning on safely, and guarded by Mrs. Black Widow, who does not dream in her spider mind what a sinister joke has been played on her.

The tiny flies in the nursery of Mrs. Black Widow seem to be "born under a rail." This is a thin membrane over the "face" of the newly-emerged fly, which is blown up and deflated, apparently by the breathing of the insect, particularly when it is trying to force its way to freedom. Mr. Jenks observed this strange phenomenon, which seems has not as yet explained, as being an action similar to a child blowing up a toy balloon. He tried for many days to photograph this as shown in Picture 10, which also shows the baby flies beginning to eat their way out of the sac.

And now the stage is set for Mrs. Black Widow's big surprise. Instead of baby spiders emerging from the sac which she had guarded so vigilantly, a strange swarm of tiny insects have eaten their way out. It is as if a brood of little fighting eaglets suddenly broke through the hatched eggs of an astonished, non-flying ostrich. But the astonishment must end there, for Mrs. Black Widow has hatched an army of enemies to her own kind which will soon rob the nurseries of their sisters.

These baby Gaurax Aranea, as shown in Picture 12, have developed rapidly. Within thirty minutes of the time that they emerged from their cocoons they have become full-fledged adults.

Mr. Jenks himself has been successful in propagating the flies and has raised as many as a thousand of them at a time in his Los Angeles home where he conducts his experiments and research work. He is said to be the only man who has thus far succeeded in raising the tiny parasites, which were discovered by the late Dr. A. Davidson in 1896, and rediscovered in 1904 by Professor W. B. Herms of the University of California.



11—Then Instead of This Brood of Baby Black Widows, Another Army of Potential Poisoners Breaking From the Sac, to the Delight of Their Mother—

12—What Must Mrs. Black Widow's Astonishment Be to Behold These Changelings, Each Ready to Loot Another Black Widow's Nursery.

(Photos by George Elwood Jenks, Spider and Parasite Research Bureau, Los Angeles County Health Department.)

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Why We Are Afraid of Dead People

Curious Revelations of Ancient Beliefs About the Evil Spirits of the Departed and Ceremonials to Baffle the Spooks From Annoying People

The Specter of Tappington, in "Bizz," in "Ghoulishly Legends," a Ghost That Liked to Put On the Clothes of Startled Guests of the Mansion.

The Psychic Hostess Gives a Dinner. A Satiric Cartoon of Prankish "Ghosts" Acting as Waiters for the "Medium." Original Cartoon From "India."

The Ghost of Hamilton Tighe, Ex-Highwayman, Who Carried His Head in Its Hands, Like the Famous "Spook" of Sir Walter Raleigh. By the English Cartoonist Leech.

"The Ghost," Another Drawing by Leech, Illustrating an Ingoldsby Legend, in Which One of the Dead Bedevils the Living.

So Great Is the Fear of the Dead of the Natives of Southern Siam That When One of Them Dies He Is Dismembered in the "Cemetery" and Fed to Vultures.

In Sumatra the Natives Prevent the Dead From Coming Back by Making an Enormous Effigy of an Evil Spirit and Burning It Beside the Corpse. This Is Supposed to Keep the "Spook" So Satisfied With the Life Beyond the Grave That It Does Not Want to Return.

FROM earliest times primitive men and women have been afraid of dead people.

And yet this is a senseless fear, because no matter how ghostly or resentful a person may be during his lifetime, he can do no injury when he is dead—no more than a mad dog can bite anybody. Even a devoted father or a lovely mother-in-law cannot so much as breathe on one who has passed within the veil. The unreasoning fear of the dead persists to this day—people do not like to be left alone with a corpse, and nearly every one shudders at being alone in a graveyard at night.

Sir James G. Frazer, the author of "The Golden Bough," has made a careful study of why early man and even modern man fears the dead, and has recently summarized the facts on one of the most ancient beliefs and old customs as to death. His scholarly work, "Fear of the Dead in Primitive Religion," is published by the Macmillan Company.

Black clothing as a mourning costume, he explained, was not originally used as an expression of grief. On the contrary, it was first used as a disguise to hide from the ghosts of those who had died. Primitive people believed that spirits of the departed were gloomy, envious beings and that they were apt to wreak all kinds of harm. But they also believed ghosts were stupid and easy to deceive. So the relatives of someone who had just died would smear their faces with ochre or put ashes on them, so that the ghost, on coming from the grave, would not recognize them and thus was naturally the least likely one on whom he could wreak his vengeance. In China, however, the color used to disguise the mourners is white, not that it became the ancestors of the Chinese once lived in the desert where light-colored clothing would make them harder to find.

All primitive peoples, Sir James explained, regard the dead as the most dangerous foes in existence during the first few months after a person has died. Those he is liable to encounter in the other world, and some fear, for example, that he may invite living friends to seek companionship or food soon after he has died. Thus he is liable to be dangerous to the survivors, and some fear that after a while the spirit gets used to being sentimental and begins to feel lonely and wants other spirits to visit it, finally settling down to a contented existence in the land of the dead. "Thus it is not surprising," Sir James said, "that the bereaved relatives take such precautions against the ghosts as the primitive mind can devise. When a chief died, a cow was slaughtered, turned aside from its course, and a deep hole dug in the ground, and a deep hole dug in the bottom of the grave. The hole was filled with living women sometimes as many as fifty, so the chief's spirit would have plenty of companions from whom to choose, and would not come back for a long time to disturb the rest of the tribe. Then each woman lowered down and arranged herself in the living carpet on her hands and knees. Two others, on either side, laid the chief's body on her back, as if it was sitting in a throne. The favorite wife crouched at his feet, and as a special privilege she was knocked over the head. All the others were buried alive, and after the ground had been beaten down fifty or more graves were slaughtered, and their blood poured over the grave. After that, the river was allowed to continue its course. It was believed that ghosts are unable to get through water, so cross it, and thus the ghost of the old chief was completely baffled.

Among the great Dyaks, again, of Borneo, a corpse is supposed to have been buried in the bed of a stream for the same reason. The Arab geographer tells a similar legend about the Prophet Daniel. He says the Caliph Omar ben Khattab was desirous of removing Daniel's body because his tomb was invoking the prophet's name to put a stop to this, a request which had been granted. Daniel's body dug up and reburied in a river bed.

The Bataks of Sumatra also have an abominable custom, Mr. Frazer states. Although wealthy afraid of ghosts, they believe that if anyone on the point of death agrees to help them in war, the ghost must later carry out that promise. So they either buy or kidnap a youth from some neighboring tribe, and when sorry him up to his neck. For their beards with tweezers, and women shave their heads and eyebrows. But in Corsica, where men are usually clean-shaven, they sometimes let their beards grow for a year, while in mourning.

Some people change their own names every time a relative dies, believing the ghost is too stupid to recognize them unless he hears their name spoken. Others never speak the dead person's name, for fear the ghost will hear it and rush to the spot. In some islands of the Indian Archipelago, the relatives remain absolutely silent for a year or more, and sometimes a widow will not speak a word during the rest of her life.

Burning down a house in which somebody has died, destroying his property and then building a new home, so he will be unable to recognize anything, the author explains, is an old method of fooling a ghost—but some tribes have finally decided it is too expensive, and have devised economical substitutes. Since a ghost does not have enough sense to get into a house except by the entrance through which the body was removed, a hole is often knocked into the wall, the corpse taken out that way, and the opening then closed. Danish peasants build their houses with a special "corpse door," kept locked except when a body is to be taken out and buried.

One common method, found both among primitive tribes and among European peasants, is to carry the corpse from the house feet foremost, so it cannot look back and remember how to return. For a similar reason, the body is frequently buried face down. In rural Sweden, when a funeral party is returning from a cemetery, all gates may be hung upside down and arranged to open the wrong way.

A cemetery in Sumatra is in the midst of the jungle and has no regular path to it, but each time someone is buried a new path is cut, and this is soon lost from sight in the rapidly growing vegetation—completely mystifying the ghost. A simpler method is to run around the house with a body so rapidly the corpse loses its sense of direction, or to walk back and forth, over a circuitous route.

Since a ghost is supposed to be unable to cross water, a funeral procession will often ford a stream on the way home. In cold climates, ice will be broken so the party can wade through a river. In Germany and Greece, it is the custom to pour water behind the corpse on the way to the cemetery.

Natives in Central Australia talk to the corpse on the way to the burial ground, and keep it entertained by showing it anything interesting picked up along the path, even such a thing as an odd feather—so it will not notice where they are taking it. The Solomon Islanders cut two coconuts in half and put a section of each in the grave, so the ghost will be so busy trying to work out the puzzle of how to fit these together it will have no time to come back and haunt anyone. A very modest people, the Fiji Islanders also have an ingenious method of making ghosts stay where they belong. The dead are buried with their loin cloths untied, so the moment they stand up, down goes their scanty but essential covering—and overcome with embarrassment, they promptly sit down and remain seated until the end of time.

The custom of closing the eyes of the dead by placing coins on the lids is practiced in various countries, but this is not merely because it is unpleasant to see a staring corpse, Mr. Frazer explains. Long before people had coins, it was the practice to blindfold a corpse, so it could not see how to return. If the person was suspected of being a were-wolf, or a vampire, lime was put into the eyes. The faces of ancient kings were sometimes covered with gold masks, and some people, not content with merely covering the eyes of their dead, block the ears and the mouth also—so the ghost cannot see, hear or speak.

As in the case of wearing black for mourning and placing coins over the eyelids, ancient customs frequently lose their original meaning and become a mere matter of ceremony. Thus the Koryaks of Siberia used to take their dead to a remote place in the forest, burn the bodies there, and then wade a stream on the way home. Now they burn the bodies in the village, but the funeral pyre is surrounded by twigs to represent a dense forest, and every one jumps across a fire drawn on the ground or in the snow, to represent a river.

In Australia, natives tie the thumbs and toes of a corpse together, to prevent it from walking. Other tribes beat the corpse with a mallet, breaking its legs. The Cheremisses of Russia drive nails through the feet, and the Cameroons of West Africa maul the body until it is shapeless, put it in a bag and bang it from a tree.

Various tribes believe that ghosts dislike unpleasant smells. So they burn things that will fill their huts with foul odors, and put bad smelling substances on their heads. Often they go a year without washing—the dirtier they get, the deeper the mourning. This is particularly true with widows, who are supposed to have an unusually difficult time escaping the ghosts of departed husbands.

In Africa, a widow sometimes proves to her dead husband how undesirable she is by running the gauntlet and letting all the other men in the tribe beat her with swords and spears. The Gonds of India allow a widow to remarry, but to be on the safe side she must go through a mock ceremony with a dog. If the husband's ghost returns, he will kill the dog. Or she may pretend to marry a sword—in which case the ghost will be killed.

The ghost of a person who committed suicide is supposed to have special powers for doing evil, and is therefore particularly dreaded. The ancient Greeks disarmed such a ghost by cutting off the hand of the corpse, and in England, until recent times, it was the custom to pin down a suicide by driving a stake through the body. In China, a person who wants to get even with a neighbor for some insult or injustice, does so by jumping into the neighbor's well, or hanging himself from the enemy's favorite plum tree. This makes the neighbor frantic, and he willingly pays whatever damages the dead man's relatives demand, in addition to all funeral expenses. Ill-treated servant girls or daughters-in-law frequently commit suicide by eating the heads off of matches. In Madagascar, the belief that anyone who kills himself can take revenge on his enemies often causes suicide epidemics.

But perhaps the queerest custom of all is that of selling a ghost. In the Caucasus the father of a girl who has died unmarried will approach the father of an unmarried youth who died about the same time, and offer his daughter's ghost as a bride for the ghost of the other's son. The asking price will perhaps be thirty cows, and while the men usually haggle, they seldom fail to strike a bargain, for it is to the advantage of both to have the spirits of their children married.

It is a common belief that people who die unmarried have a wretched time in the other world, unless surviving relatives find them mates. In Africa, a dead bachelor's brother must marry an extra wife for the ghost, and any children she may have are known as the dead man's children. But in China, as in the Caucasus, the ghosts of unmarried youths are solemnly married to the spirits of maidens who died at the same age, the ceremony being performed just as if they were alive. There are even special "go-betweens" who make a good living arranging these ghostly matches.

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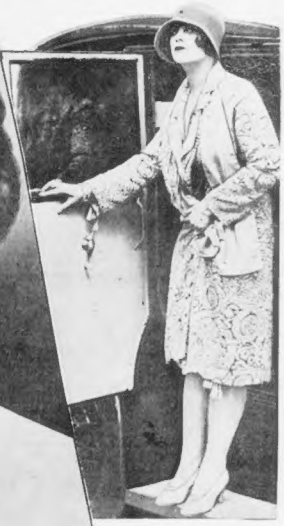
"Cinderella" Betty Randolph Sues Her "Fairy Godfather"

The Former "Follies" Beauty *Says* a Multi-millionaire Paid Her $100,000 a *Year* for 17 Years for Not Marrying Him, *But* Recently He Quit and Then Her Splendor Vanished Like the Fairytale Heroine's at the Stroke of Twelve

Quite as Cinderella's Magnificent Coach Turned Back Into the Pumpkin and Her Silks Into Rags, So Did Betty's, Almost as Abruptly.



"Cinderella" Betty, Beside Her Imported Car, in the Days of Her Fairylike Splendor.

The Reverend Mr. Chudacek, Who Sued Betty for $50,000 for Breach of Promise—and Lost. He Is Looking Sadly at Her Photograph.

"Cinderella" Betty Today, and a Photograph of Her in the $35,000 Wedding Dress She Wore When She Married One of Her Four Husbands.

Betty Randolph, When the Late Florenz Ziegfeld Hired Her for the "Follies" Just to "Look Pretty."

BETTY RANDOLPH'S million-dollar breach-of-contract suit against Louis Bamberger, very wealthy New York stockbroker, which is to be tried in the New York courts some time this Fall, brings to light a latest and revised Cinderella story quite as miraculous as the original fairy tale and in some ways better.

For seventeen years this fortunate beauty fervently vowed that the "late" Florenz Ziegfeld, Follies star supposed to have a quarter-million fund and certainly lived as if she did, did not. Betrothal: Betty rolled around in a $25,000 car, much nicer than Cinderella's gilded coach, and had 150 nurses under the bond instead of a mere six to trust.

She's undressed and undressed. The descriptions of the first Cinderella had a less at every important race track, a house at Saratoga, the most extravagant palace to have one because the swell season there is only one month a year, a penthouse eighteen stories above the street on East Fifteenth Street, New York, and most anything else a luxurious lady could wish for.

Then one other day came an unpleasant magic transformation quite as embarrassing as what happened to Cinderella. Her gorgeous car did not turn into a pumpkin but vanished, credit. And the 150 horses, instead of turning into mice and running away, seem to have become lawyers and process servers who ran after her. The gems turned into diamonds and though her penthouse remained here for a while, its gay decorativity and elevator service vanished. To reach it she had to climb 18 flights of stairs making it harder than for a rich man to get into heaven.

What has become of the $3,000,000 supposed to have been inherited from relatives at her famous Virginia family—diligent search by creditors found no trace that the legacy had ever existed, but discovered Betty had acquired something almost as good while it lasted. Instead of a fairy godmother, and a Prince Charming, she had been living on the bounty of a sort of combination of the two in the person of the wealthy broker, so she alleged.

For seventeen years, according to her complaint, he had been giving her $100,000 a year, $1,700,000 in all.

The Prince of the fairy tale presumably showered wealth on the original Cinderella, but to get it she had to marry him and be a faithful wife or be thrown into a dungeon, with bread and water for dessert.

But the "fairy godfather," according to Betty, paid her this huge sum all those years for the privilege of not marrying her. And during all that time, she says he never saw her or spoke to her.

Betty claims that he made a verbal contract, in consideration of not being sued for breach of promise, to keep on paying at that fabulous rate as long as she lived. Why he wearied of paying this bachelor tax has not been revealed, but Mr. Bamberger denies ever having made such a promise.

During those years of clover Betty married four times and once was sued for breach of promise by a minister, the Rev. Mr. Bartholomew J. Chudacek, whom she called "Revvie." Mr. Chudacek demanded $50,000, but he lost his suit.

"I became a millionaire, not through my friends but through my enemies," Betty once said, darkly, but nobody could coax her into explaining what that meant. Now that it is revealed that her $1,700,000 all came from one source, perhaps she will tell on the witness stand who she considers that peculiar enemy. If so she got more profit from that one enemy than most women are able to pry out of all their husbands and friends put together in a lifetime.

In her complaint Betty alleges: "During the year of 1916, at the request of Louis Bamberger, I promised to marry him and he promised to marry me at a time thereafter to be mutually agreed upon.

"Mr. Bamberger failed and refused to marry me although I was ready, able and willing and offered to do so up to and including the time he failed and refused to marry me.

"In consideration of the release of my claim against Mr. Bamberger for breach of the agreement, he agreed to support me according to my station in life, as though I were his wife and according to his means and station in life for the rest of my life.

"I duly performed all the terms and conditions upon my part to be performed. Thereafter and until about February 28, 1933, the defendant Mr. Bamberger carried out the aforesaid agreement.

"Since February 28th, 1933, the defendant has failed and refused to carry out the terms of the agreement, all to my damage in the sum of $1,000,000.

"That upon information and belief, the defendant, Mr. Bamberger, was and still is a man of large means, being worth about $15,000,000. That the sum of $100,000 annually would enable me to live according to the standards hereinbefore set forth. Plaintiff demands judgment for $1,000,000."

But in an affidavit, Mr. Bamberger's lawyer has this to say: "The very foundation of her action is the breach of promise to marry. Plaintiff has alleged no written contract of any kind.

"An examination of the complaint indicates most clearly that plaintiff has attempted to disguise the true nature thereof by claiming that she is entitled to support for the rest of her life, as though she had been defendant's wife, in accordance with his financial standing and station, all in consideration of her releasing her alleged claim for a breach of contract to marry.

"The attempt on the part of the plaintiff to allege a cause of action against the defendant such as this in such general terms as to prevent the defendant from adequately meeting the charges arising out of an alleged agreement dating back to 1916, is particularly reprehensible in view of the further fact that plaintiff, who was married to Paul Sweinhart in June, 1933, has pending an action in the Supreme Court, New York City, for a separation from Sweinhart.

"Although still married to Mr. Sweinhart, she is attempting to recover on an alleged agreement made with the defendant whereby he has to support her, as though she were his wife for the rest of her life."

"Cinderella's" creditors do not seem to have become aware of the change in her fortunes until this year, when they apparently all woke up at the same moment and the sad Cinderella transformation occurred. If the evidence on both sides of Betty's separation suit against her fourth husband, is to be believed, the former Follies beauty at that time, still looked like a $2,000,000 heiress. The pawnshop had not yet swallowed her jewels and ermine wraps and the tires were still good on the fairy coach.

Only Miss Randolph, who had recently divorced the third of her husbands, could know how really low the funds in her bank had sunk. According to her story, just at that moment along came Mr. Paul Sweinhart, newspaper columnist and former editor of a dramatic weekly, and a comedy of errors occurred.

He was getting along in years and had saved only about $30,000, which is far from enough to retire on on Broadway. So, according to Betty, he thought he would "muscle in matrimonially" on her supposed millions and be in clover for the rest of his days. If he really had that quite reasonable delusion, he failed to tell her that such was his motive and she says she married him in good faith, believing that he loved her for herself alone.

Sweinhart says that he was a bachelor with a small salary, living in a rooming house and wearing $16 suits of clothes. There was usually nothing in his appearance or habits that could possibly make anyone get the wrong impression that he had wealth.

Mr. Sweinhart says that Betty saw him in his every-day suit, and pointed him out to her companion, an irresponsible sort of joker who informed her that Sweinhart was really a very rich miser who hoarded all his wealth and wore shabby clothes, because he liked to, like the late Russell Sage. On the strength of this cruel misinformation Sweinhart says that Betty lured him into marrying her. The frugal bachelor stated that he repeatedly warned her that he was too poor to support her, but that she always laughed and assured him that money was nothing. Betty also says that Paul assured her that money was nothing in his life either.

According to the testimony of both these money-scorners, it suddenly became important as soon as they were married, and there was much argument on the subject. Neither would believe that the other did not have a million or two hidden somewhere. After a few weeks of profitless debate, any love that may have existed flew out of the window and Paul walked out of the penthouse door. Betty started separation proceedings, but before she could collect any temporary alimony her fourth husband had departed from the jurisdiction of the New York Courts.

Before departing, husband No. 4 informed the court that when she demanded money and he told her he had none to give, she became hysterical and cried out:

"Don't give me that stuff. That is the kind of stories men always tell when they want to get rid of their wives or sweethearts. You've got it. Dig it up. Pretty soft for you to move into my $60,000 apartment, hang up your hat and turn it into a factory by banging a typewriter all day. You don't appreciate sleeping in a $6,000 bed between $25 sheets. You belong in a stable with the horses you like so well."

So it would seem that at that late date Betty was still living in Cinderella splendor, even if Prince Charming's Treasury was closed to her.

When Rev. Bartholomew J. Chudacek sued Betty for $50,000 heartbalm, he related that on the strength of her promise to marry him, he had given up his church and spent a lot of money entertaining Betty, but that for no reason at all, she had changed her mind and jilted him.

Betty admitted that she had fallen under "Revvie's" spell because he is the husky, he-man type she admires and might perhaps have married him, if he hadn't started demanding money from her. Disillusioned, she told him not to bother her any more.

It appears that the jury must have believed Beautiful Betty rather than the minister, because they refused to grant him even the six cents damages which the judge suggested they might award.

One of Betty's numerous suits was against Goodman Edelstein, a pawnbroker, because after she had failed to repay his loans on her jewels and furs, he had sold some of them. Another was to force the owners of the building to turn on the gas and electricity and the heating to turn on her society friends into customers.

Betty says she began her career by eloping from a convent at the age of fifteen, with a romantic young gentleman, named William J. Spicker. The romance quickly wore off that marriage, so she asked for a job in the Follies.

Asked what she could do, Betty said, "Nothing," and Ziegfeld promptly hired her as a show girl to do nothing but look pretty. She has been doing just that offstage ever since and few women appear to have followed this line of activity with such flattering profits.

Two years later she married Walter J. Hauck, mining engineer who was so impolite as to divorce her for causes that involved her friendship with a young song-writer. Her next marriage was a secret one about which little is known, except that it ended in another divorce for Betty.

After nearly marrying the Rev. Chudacek, she "made the great mistake" with Sweinhart who is legally her fourth husband.

All "Cinderella" needs to be "Cinderella" again is that million she's suing for and back alimony from the absent Mr. Sweinhart.

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What the Tourist Visito

Life Among the Lazy Natives of the Palm-Fringed Co

Picturesque Native Hut of a Prosperous Pearl Fisher.

The Pearl Diver Paddles Out in His Canoe to the Oyster Fishing Grounds.

Through a Box With a Glass Bottom He Studies the Ocean Floor Until He Finds a Bed of Oysters.

Putting On Overho Up

THE travelers on the tourist ships which touch at some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean see very little but the conventional scenes arranged for them as they are hurried about; and then the ship pulls out for another hasty visit. But Ida Treat, an American woman who has traveled all over the world, has recently spent many months among the South Sea Islands studying the natives. Miss Treat is a paleontologist and a member of the Museum of Natural History, Paris. On this page, today, she reveals some interesting observations and experiences among the natives of these palm-fringed coral island paradises.

CHAPTER II.

By IDA TREAT

World Traveler and Paleontologist.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

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TODAY there is only one great pearl-fishing center in the Tuamotu group of South Sea Islands, the lagoon of Hikueru to which I am traveling on a little native schooner. The whole archipelago from the Palliser to the Gambier Islands furnishes the divers. They come with their families from great distances from other islands on schooners. The captain does not ask cash but every native must sign a contract undertaking to pay in mother-of-pearl for his journey and food and any goods he needs. When business was good divers earned as much as $50 a day and often spent $50 for a dress and $100 for a bicycle. But today the native rarely covers his expenses so that he gets more and more into debt and has to work entirely for the owner of the schooner.

They fish principally for mother-of-pearl in the Tuamotus. Fine pearls, which are rare, cannot be counted on. The Hikueru oysters are fine specimens often twenty inches across and weighing four pounds. A good diver can bring up as much as 300 pounds of them in a day. The mother-of-pearl is sent directly to London, which supplies the world market.

Hikueru is one among the hundred islands of the Tuamotu group which sailors formerly called "The Perilous Archipelago." It is a low-lying island marked by clumps of cocoanut trees. The whole shore is covered with a mass of rough constructions—sheds and huts built of galvanized iron, of planks and cocoa tree leaves woven together. An open-air motion picture show and a wooden horse track make up its amusements. It has more than a thousand inhabitants and a great quantity of chickens and pigs.

We were accommodated in the house of the health officer, a young doctor, recently arrived from Papeete with his pretty native girl.

"Do you have much work to do here, doctor?" I asked.

"You were thinking of accidents. They are fortunately rare, although the diver sometimes goes down 120 feet. These Paumotu fellows are very strong and they are accustomed to diving for generations."

"What is the principal cause of accidents?"

"Water pressure only. That may cause serious trouble in the body. The commonest is hemorrhage, but, as I said, it seldom becomes grave. There were only a few cases last season and only one death, which was due to imprudence."

"And what about the sharks?" I asked.

The doctor answered, with a smile at my ignorance:

"Anybody can see that you are a new arrival. The Paumotus laugh at the sharks. For some reason the Oceanic shark is not dangerous. He seldom attacks a man. In all these islands I have only known two or three accidents, and two of the victims were women. One of them was cleaning fish over the side of her canoe. She had both her hands taken off. But probably it was really the fish that the shark snapped at."

"Then your life here is only a pleasure party?" I said.

"I do not say that," replied the doctor. "The divers are clever and prudent in their work but not so much so in their amusements. The government sends plenty of missionaries and gendarmes here, but the same ship brings the guitar players and the girls. This is the mixture that makes trouble in Hikueru and you can see the results abundantly."

The motorboat which takes us to the fishing grounds pulls a long string of pirogues, or canoes. From time to time one of these boats cuts loose from the string and takes a position on the calm waters of the lagoon.

"They have selected the good spots before starting out," the captain of the boat explains to us. We come to a stop about a mile from the shore. The last pirogue has left us and the lagoon is dotted with them, little spots on the blue sea. Here and there a black spot, a head, comes up; you hear a long mournful whistling and then the dot disappears again. The diver empties half of his lungs by whistling before going down again. All around us this whistling is heard, the only sound noticeable in the silence of the morning.

In every pirogue there are two persons, either two men or a man and a woman. The diver bends double and looks down through the water with the help of a box with a glass bottom. As soon as he has sighted the pearl oysters he adjusts his spectacles, primitive articles with a wooden frame which he has made himself, and stretches his hand to a roll of rope tied to a plank in front of his assistant. At the end of the rope there is a leaden weight and a basket with large holes. With the basket and lead under his feet and the rope between his big toes, the diver slips down into the water. For a moment he holds onto the edge of the pirogue, just time enough to empty part of his lungs, and then lets go. The cord disappears from the plank, the only visible sign of this journey towards the bottom.

I leaned over the side and endeavored to follow through the glass the descent of a diver who had gone down near our motorboat. At about ten feet depth the bronze skin became darker; the round head and the shoulders grew small and finally I could only see the rope going down. Even with the glass box I could see nothing more. The bottom at this point is twenty fathoms (120 feet) deep.

Finally the rope became still. You would not have thought there was a human being there about 120 feet under you. A minute passed. I looked at my watch with a feeling of anxiety, but this was not shared by the helper in the pirogue. He continued to look at us with curiosity, thrusting his fingers into his nose. A minute-and-a-half passed, two minutes, and then the rope moved.

From the deep, dark water a wavering spot rose towards the upper regions. Then a head came out and a smiling face. A hand passed the basket to an assistant. In it there were five oysters as large as plates. The assistant opened them at once, squeezed the body of the bivalve thoroughly and threw it in the water. There was nothing in it. Only mother-of-pearl came with this catch. The diver followed the movements of his assistant with evident hope. A pearl would mean a house which would replace the old hut and a piece of land which he had long desired. Even a little pearl would pay for several good meals, some motion pictures and a new pirogue.

For a minute or two the diver rested, then again made his long whistling sound and slipped towards the bottom.

Our motorboat got under way and went further out to sea. We passed a number of heads which were coming up far from any pirogue. These were divers owning no pirogue and having no credit with boat owners. They had paid their passage to Hikueru by working as sailors. They are occasional divers who have come here recently to amuse themselves.

As I passed near one of them I noticed that he was resting on a bundle of logs. When he went down the bundle held up his rope as well as a basket in which there were already some pearl oysters. Further away, where the bottom was less deep and more visible, we saw the divers clearly at work, yellow swimmers moving slowly over the light sand.

When they pick up the oysters they tear them away with a sudden movement so that, taken by surprise, the animals do not contract their muscles. This is a dangerous moment for the diver, as the effort may bring on a hemorrhage.

In the evening, around a village hut, we met the Polish trader. He was smiling and called us to show us a good find, a fine white and gray pearl as large as a pea. He bought it for 2,000 francs and expected to sell it in Paris for at least 15,000. He offered it to us on the spot for 3,000 francs.

From Paumotu I sailed on to New Caledonia, some four thousand miles, and wishing to know all the customs of this interesting people, I asked one of the French colonists whether cannibalism still persisted in the islands.

"It is natural here," he replied. "It is an economic necessity, even without taking into account the religious belief among the natives, that by eating his enemy he acquires all his qualities. It is a mistake to consider cannibalism an indication of special ferocity."

"Then they only eat their enemy!"

"They prefer to do so, certainly, but when this kind of meat is lacking for ceremonial banquets, the omission must be supplied. They choose their victims among members of the tribe whom they can best spare. The chief and his 'Master of Evil'—an odd title for a Prime Minister, is it not?—pick out the victim secretly. In the middle of the festivity, called the pilou-pilou, the blow falls on his head and after that there is nothing to do but cut up the body, and strict etiquette regulates the distribution of the meat."

The South Pacific Islands have more missionaries than any region in the world. The church towers are more numerous than in many countries of Europe. You have to go to the depths of the forests of New Hebrides among the cannibals to get away from Christianity. At Port Vila they showed me photographs of the Malikolo tribe coming naked to the coast to dance the pilou-pilou on the occasion of the inauguration of a new church.

Always Reluctant to Do Any Work, the Natives Never Are Too Busy to Enjoy Themselves With Song, Dancing, Guitar Playing and a Jug of Wine.

Critics often reproach the missionaries with their narrowness and their eagerness to wipe out all ancient native customs without distinction in the interests of a gloomy and obsolete Puritanism.

"I cannot lend you my pirogue today because it is Sunday," a native Raiastea said to me.

"If you want these paddles you must buy them today because tomorrow is Sunday," said a Kanaka of Port Vila.

"I do not permit anybody to play the guitar in my house," said my neighbo chief of a district of Tahiti. The native guitar regarded as an instrument of the devil. For man years on many of the islands the missionary, wh was the only white man, enjoyed absolute autho ity. Unscrupulous traders took advantage of th prestige of the white man's religion. The capta of a trading schooner went to the Tuamotu Island where the climate is particularly dry with a carg of umbrellas. He travelled from one island to a other with a Bible in his hand, quoting texts, whi commanded the faithful to buy his merchandise t protect them against the second flood. In ten da he had not one umbrella left.

In the New Hebrides the missionary is a economic competitor, a great producer of copra an a trader. They charge the American Protestan missionaries with an ingenious method of forcin contributions. On each island they call their co verts together and say to them:

"Such and such an island has given a certai amount. What are you going to give? Surely yo

Happy Smi Has Just Man Foun Oys

to the S[illegible] Sea Islands D[illegible] S[illegible]

Islands, the Easy Morals of the Natives—Cocoanuts, Pearls and Missionaries

[illegible]

One by One the Oysters Are Opened With Great Expectancy, the Flesh Is Squeezed to See If There Is a Pearl. The Meat Is Then Thrown Overboard and the Shells Saved for the Mother-of-Pearl from Which Buttons, Knife Handles and So Forth Are Made.

Now and Then a Pearl of Such Size and Perfection as to Be of Great Value Is Found. The Pearl Fisher Perhaps Gets $50 for the Pearl, the Pearl Dealer on Shore Gets Perhaps $500 from the Traveling Pearl Buyer and in the Market in Paris It May Be Sold at Retail for Perhaps $3,000

[illegible] On the Quiet Waters of the Lagoon

[illegible]estantism. If [illegible] tribe adopted Catholicism the next tribe [illegible] adopted Protestantism out of hostility. In spite of the new religion the old is not forgotten [illegible] the natives still ask advice [illegible] the dead [illegible] their ancestors and [illegible] still [illegible] dishes with [illegible] eral new [illegible] es, such [illegible] ck magic [illegible] white [illegible] gic as in [illegible] districts [illegible] chief [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] which for[illegible] n operation [illegible] nd not a mere [illegible] school[illegible] tball and [illegible] rs is a hut [illegible] ered [illegible] d by alarm[illegible]

[illegible] natives have [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible] would not [illegible] The police [illegible] work [illegible] his coffee [illegible]

[illegible] but when [illegible] t work for [illegible]

[illegible] to grow [illegible] in [illegible] leaves [illegible] entire [illegible] and [illegible] men and [illegible] is the only [illegible] s a tree that [illegible] with the cocoanut [illegible] twenty-five years in the South Pacific tells me [illegible] troubles with cocoanut tree planting

"I have eight thousand acres in cocoanut t[illegible], madam," he said "Can you im[illegible] of labor that that represent[illegible]"

Today this man is rich in land but [illegible] in money. He and many other colonist[illegible] mously in debt. In the New Hebrides [illegible] colonists have $12,000,000 of debts. On [illegible] acres of this planter he needs 300 wo[illegible] He has nothing to pay them with. For [illegible] he has been borrowing money to pay [illegible] Today copra sells for a cent to two [illegible] and he cannot obtain credit a[illegible] he can obtain no more workmen Th[illegible] vading the cocoanut plantations and the [illegible] ing troughs are empty. What is th[illegible] ducing copra even if he can find th[illegible] tal? At a cent a pound copra does not [illegible] cost price

"It sounds bad to say so," [illegible] the only hope of pulling us out of th[illegible] Some of us believe that comm[illegible] Islands are played out and that [illegible] us to do is to go home or sink [illegible] Kanakas. But I am an optimist [illegible] the price of copra will climb back [illegible] if there is a war"

A similar story is [illegible] islands. "It is enough to [illegible] ing to do anything," said [illegible] Tonga group to me. "Whate[illegible] lose out. Formerly w[illegible] islands. That was a [illegible] struction of the Nile [illegible] touch on our cotton [illegible] the pearl fishing bu[illegible] until synthetic pearl[illegible] introduced and smashed the ma[illegible] cocoanut trees to make copra [illegible] the produce of 4,000 choice [illegible] to $35 on the London m[illegible] $150, the price a few y[illegible] From [illegible] $35 we must deduct freight [illegible] insurance

With copra at $600 a ton [illegible] war there were millions to be [illegible] bought vast quantities of land [illegible] ported workmen wherever they [illegible] Asia, but why base your busin[illegible] years? Today many of th[illegible] on deserted plantations raising just [illegible] for their personal needs. The native d[illegible] fer so much from the fall in the price of [illegible] it means that the necessities of life cost [illegible] or nothing at all

But there is one foreign nation that i[illegible] able to earn a living in the South Sea Island[illegible] Japanese

The Jap[illegible] the French South Sea Islands I [illegible] ishing green hill in New Caledonia formerly it was bare like all the hills around the capital of this island. Today it is a great truck garden. The little yellow men have been at work on it [illegible] years and have completely transformed the landscape

Traveling through the brush of New Caledonia I often had occasion to see the same thing. From a distance you see a square cultivated garden [illegible] green lines between straight tre[illegible] at once that this is the work of a Japanese truck gardener, the only truck gardeners on the island.

[illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

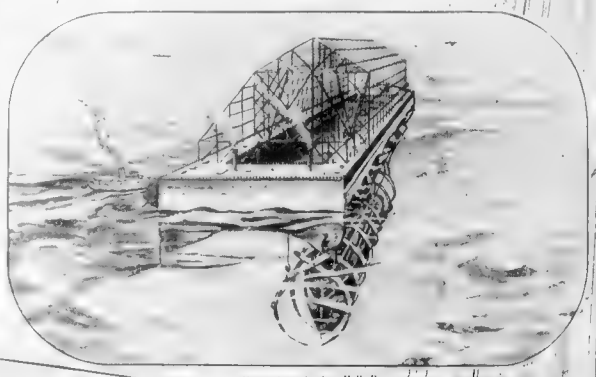
The Wedding Ghost by Parke Hardy

An Amusing Story of Some Nuptials That Didn't Happen. Complete in This Issue.

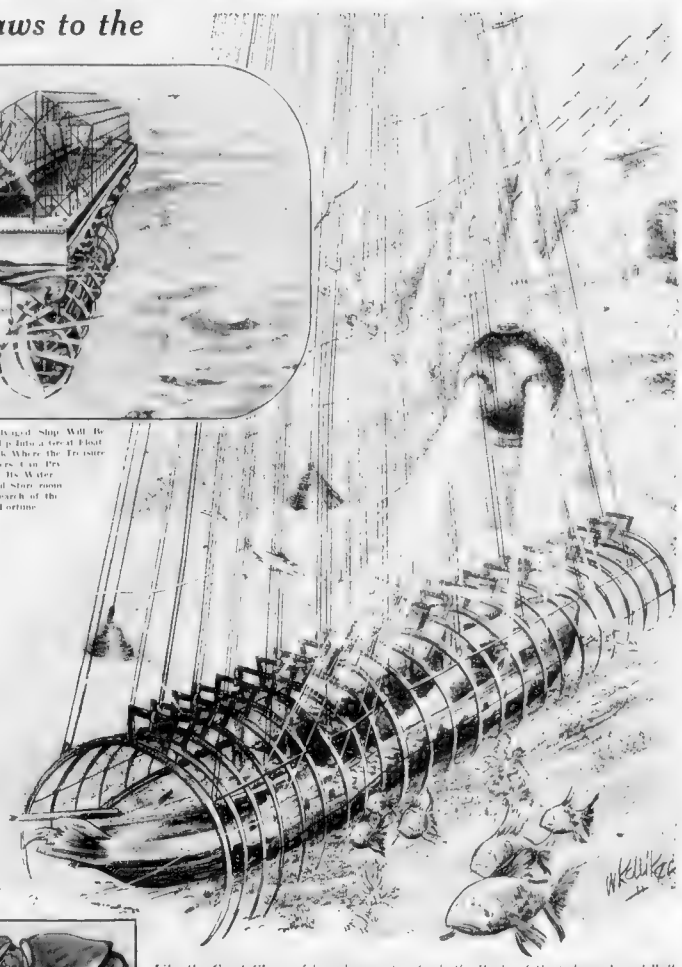
The Bridegroom Emitted a Groan of Terror and Gasped: "How come you lie to me, woman?—yo' husban'—back from de dead!"

AN I T R $21,000,000,000 L T

A Ship That Drops Gigantic Claws to the Bottom of the Sea to Reach Long Sunken Hulks That Hold Fortunes in Gold, Silver and Jewelry



The Salvaged Ship Will Be Pulled Up Into a Great Floating Dock Where the Treasure Hunters Can Pry Into Its Watertogged Storeroom in Search of the Fortune



Like the Giant Claws of Some Fearsome Sea Crab, the Hooks of the Salvage Vessel Will Encircle the Sunken Ship When It Is Located and Draw It Up to the Surface Where the Treasure Hunters Can Swarm Over It in Search of Its Valuable Cargo.

M

Old Print from "Pirates Own Book"

B C M S B

CHAPTER XXIII

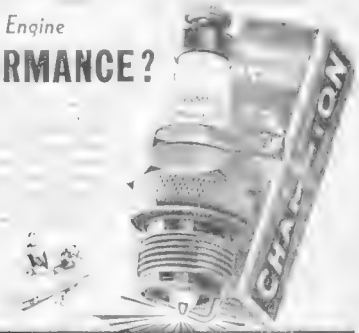
"M

Beeman's

SUCH FLAVOR

Odorless ZIP A new cream HAIR REMOVER

Want Maximum Engine PERFORMANCE?



CHAMPION

EXTRA-RANGE SPARK PLUGS

Give the Kids a Break

For Better Driving

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Box Car

by Madeleine Sharpe Buchanan

(Continued from Page 11)

gate heiress, her summer home, her slim legs.

And Eddie Price grinned. A break for this kid, all right. He left, but stood further away around back of the taxi she had passed. Sally coming through that archway. His fingers closed about a gun in his hip pocket.

The driver of the taxi, who had bought Specialty girl Sally Saylon in the stage door, was starting at Sally.

Yes, he had brought her to the vessel's outfit Mr. Specialty, whose he knew. He'd brought Specialty there with a lot of other dames, too, but as such a pinch of a little doll as this one. So he hadn't heard more they said. He got then listening to people.

The taxi driver regarded in a flurry of laughter and the apartight flashed back to Sally. She felt then the cool of her after producing the hundred dollars she had seen on the taxi's meter, the check with the other processing to the moment when the specialty girl had also walked toward the archway.

Eddie Price was quite close to the man when Sally's story reached him, so close that he saw the curds on the back of his neck stiffen and the veins on his hands distend.

"Ridiculous!" said this man when, following Sally's pointing finger, the spotlight veered around him. "I never knew Specialty and I never saw this girl. If I passed her any time I don't remember it."

"I thought the noise the music made might have drowned the shot," said Sally Nayton, boldly, setting a flaming period to her statement. And this remark appeared the best one to a labored benefit Sally Nayton's shapely legs and ankles.

"It might have," said Agent Barton slowly. "Very clever of you, Miss Nayton."

And then the large gray haired man in the group—Sally had seen Specialty just stepped forward.

"Of course you knew Specialty, Eddie?" he said in a rumbling voice. "I don't see you here, you rat." The cab officers in front, Riley and Irwin Specialty exhibited him several times, only to release him on account of some front line. If Irwin hasn't a record he ought to have. I've heard him threaten Specialty, and I happen to know he's out of work just now."

"You're under," shouted Riley, and his face darkened with fear and rage. "How could I get Specialty's gun from a guy his size." The rat's got his initials on it."

Specialty told me a month ago that somebody had stolen his gun," said the accuser. "He couldn't have had it on him. This time had it."

Riley reached quickly for his big pocket. But before he could draw Eddie Price had him in a ruthless grip, and turned him over to Barton and Shasner.

Women shrieked. Pencils were flying in Sally Nayton's vicinity. Headlines were forming which were to mold her destiny.

SPENDLIN SHOT; GIRL HE SAVED NABS KILLER.

"SUICIDE" SHOWGIRL SPURS SPENDLIN SLAYER.

EX-EMPLOYE BUMPS MAGNATE, BEAUTY FINGERS MURDERER.

Get it over with, boys," advised Eddie Price. "I'm taking her home after all. Van Otterback sees her."

Sally Nayton smiled heartbreakingly thrilled, shaking a little from the eyes of the reporters at the pointed pencils.

"You sure can spot them, sister," one of the newspapermen told her. "They found Specialty's wallet on Riley. I guess he's hung."

Sally said nothing. She was watching Nap Otterback working his way toward her through the press of the staring crowd.

And Eddie Price's hand tightened on her arm. He smiled with certain courage into her eyes.

"The Big Moment arrives, Gorgeous," he whispered. "Buck up, Camera!"

CHAPTER XXIV
Van Otterback's Proposal

NEXT morning, early, Tressa made a determined beeline for Suspense. She was quickly admitted to Mr. Brandell's office.

Stocky was alone. He was standing in the center of a spacious room in sporting linen trousers and white silk shirt open at his tanned throat. His eyes as he looked at Tressa were the eyes of a man who sees the only woman in the world.

"Hello," greeted Tressa, pausing in a bar of sunshine. "Hello, tramp!"

Stocky said nothing for the moment. He reached her in one stride and took her cool hands in his and drank his fill of her.

"Gosh," he said sleepily, fervently, but you're beautiful, Tressa."

"Yeah." Tressa took her hands away with decision. "I don't see how you could get on for as long without looking at me."

"I—" Stocky regarded her keenly. "How did you discover me? Did Bonita, or one of the girls, and after I talked to them on the wire like a Dutch uncle before you arrived?"

"Be calm," said Tressa coldly. "As far as divulging your sordid secrets is concerned, their lipsticks are made of cement. I've got a brain myself. I can count two and two. Of course after Sally came in this A. M. with her story, I put Crandel and Brandell together and it went well. But it wouldn't have mattered. We'd have had this showdown anyhow."

"Bonita married my brother," sighed Stocky. "I've been looking after them a bit in slack times. I just had the idea Brandell needed better professionally than Crandel. And there's a Crandel who's a director with another concern and we get along like Hell's fifteen. So that's that."

"We ran you to earth yesterday," said Tressa, accepting the cigarette he offered, but refusing the chair. "Sally was heartbroken. You've got to lend me to the Prince, Stocky. And no more fooling. This hot village of yours is not going to ruin that beautiful kid."

Stocky looked bewildered.

"But I won't. I don't get any of this," he stammered. "Er—the Prince and I, we just wanted—"

"Yeah, you played a swell game, relaxing and amusing. It must have been," Tressa said sarcastically. "Hobnobbing all over the country to get the dope for a picture. Then letting us fuck this armor-plated burg in see if we'd fall for the stuff to us, to see if we could make good and all the while keeping your ropes on as prepared to jump in, in all your magnificence at the last minute when we bended a loaf of bread. 'Great stuff!'

"Well, we won't need bread, Mr. Brandell. I've got a spot on the air, a tryout with a sponsor, and Sally Nayton is going to have a chance to sign up with Master Pictures unless His Highness objects. According to Bonita Crandel that Van Otterback man never takes on a new star unless well I guess you know him better than I do."

"Yes, and there's a crazy tab reporter who's planning to make himself with Sally. Are you people going to let Van Otterback have her? Turn her beautiful head? Kill the innocent A Number One youngster who trusted with us all across the country?" Bonita says it don't make a bit of difference with Van Otterback how well a girl can act."

"I guess I know him," grated Stocky, his jaw set. "How the dickens did Sally cut across his path?"

"She cut across it because a man got murdered," snapped Tressa. "Don't you read your morning papers? Or are you still a tramp?"

"I guess I'm a tramp," said Stocky meekly. "Well, I've got a picture on my hands today but you come first, Tressa. I don't suppose you've had any desire to see me all this while?"

"I won't say I pined," said Tressa with a trailing glance across his expert face. "I was after the loaf of bread and two rich and powerful birds denied me."

Stocky took a swift step toward her, his face filled with a determination Tressa recognized at once and halted with her lifted hand.

"All right," shrugged the famous director sullenly. "I can wait. But you never got away from me once, Tressa. You never will. And I don't get head nor tail of this. What did you say about murder?"

"You lead the way to the Prince," said Tressa firmly. "It's too hot to tell this story twice."

As Tressa spoke, a boy came to with a note.

"Well," said Stocky a moment later, and handed the note to Tressa. "There you are. He reads the papers, you see, if I don't."

The note said merely: "See the morning editions? I'm off to the Crandels. Carry on.—S. D."

A brilliant smile broke across Tressa's bewitching face.

"I knew I could bank on the Prince," she said.

"But now I must have the story," said Stocky firmly. "In the first place how did Sally Nayton—"

"She got in here because she swiped a letter off a dead girl."

"Murder!" Stocky passed his hand across his brow. "Oh, you said something about a murder."

"Yes, but that was a mere," said Tressa blandly, and at his lost expression she burst into gay laughter.

"Come on," she tucked a hand in his arm. "suppose you stand me to a late breakfast or an early lunch? I haven't had a thing to eat since yesterday afternoon. Afraid I couldn't sing well, and after that I've been too upset about Sally. She's asleep now, and take it from me, she needs it."

But Sally Nayton did not sleep. She wakened shortly after Tressa left the Crandel home.

And then, as she remembered the excitement mounted.

She was dated to meet Van Otterback, and Eddie Price was coming for her. Tressa was so against the proposition of a Master Pictures contract that she had not told her she was to see Van Otterback as soon.

As she dressed and dressed Sally felt as though she had been on a jag and had just come out of it. She was looking at everything soberly and carefully now.

The Prince had never loved her or desired her, of course. It had all been her imagination fostered by the glamour of their trek West together. This was why he had saved her from herself and from himself in that little cottage where the humble happiness them.

He had not cared what became of her when she reached Hollywood. There was no place in his vast organization for a greenhorn like herself. Hadn't he sent for Hazel Hunt? She didn't care

(Continued on Page 16)

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

MYSTERY WOMAN

By Evelyn Murray Campbell

Lovely Ladies Stoop to Folly—And Are Caught in Their Own Net.

Dentlock
A DENTURE POWDER
INSURES
TIGHT TEETH
HOLDS DENTAL PLATES FIRMLY IN PLACE!
FORT ORANGE CO., CHEMISTS, ALBANY, N.Y.

A BETTER
FALSE TEETH TIGHTENER

Dependable and time tested denture plate cushioner with other ingredients exclusive with DENTLOCK, the new and dentist plate fixative that doesn't sour or sicken you.

BIGGEST 10c PACKAGE

DENTLOCK holds tighter longer than any 10c size you've ever used. Refreshing taste.

ON SALE AT LEADING 10¢ STORES

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. . . the only tires with the Life-Saver Golden Ply

Officer: "I guess you're responsible for this accident."

Driver: "I'm sorry, Officer, I couldn't help it. My left front tire blew out. The next thing I knew we crashed into this bus."

* * *

It's useless to try to alibi yourself out of a blow-out accident. The thing to do is to put *safe* tires on your car *before* the damage has been done. That's why thousands of motorists who refuse to gamble with their family's safety have switched to Goodrich Silvertown Tires. They want *real protection* against today's high-speed blow-outs—not regrets.

An amazing invention

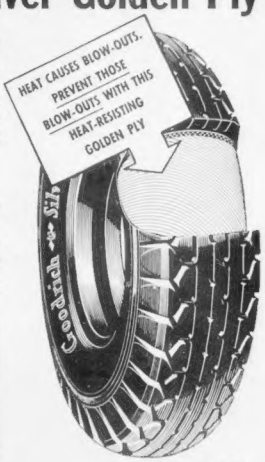
Why are Goodrich Silvertowns *extra* safe? We'll tell you the answer: Today's cars travel faster and faster. 40-50-60 reads the speedometer as the miles fly by. And don't forget, at these high speeds terrific heat is generated inside all tires. Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms. You can't see it. You drive on. Bigger and BIGGER this invisible menace to your life grows until, sooner or later, BANG! A blow-out! And then it's too late.

To keep you and your family off the "accident list"—to protect you against treacherous high-speed blow-outs—Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires—and *only* Silvertowns—are built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific heat generated *inside* the tire by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps blisters from forming *inside* the tire. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Silvertowns also have a specially-designed tread. Big center ribs, that act like the windshield wiper on your car, sweep away water at the first sign of a skid, giving the big double outer rows of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip.

See Your Goodrich Dealer

Extra safety is not all you get when you ride on Goodrich Silvertowns. They'll give you months of extra, trouble-free mileage and greater riding comfort in the bargain. Let "the other fellow" gamble on tires if he wants to take the risk. You play safe. Equip your car with Golden Ply Silvertowns. And buy them right now because *they cost much less than other super-quality tires!*



FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want accidents prevented. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails. There's nothing to buy—no obligation whatsoever. Your Silvertown Safety League Emblem is *absolutely free!*

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

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What Tourists to the South Seas Don't See

(Continued from Double Page)

Hawaii and Singapore. On the north and west Australia offers a defense on the south and east Formosa and the Bonin Islands, Micronesia and Marshall Islands, which Japan, as heretofore against Russia, and the Philippines, kept under the League of Nations mandate, are the bases of defense investigation of those islands which have been confined to Japan under a mandate of the League.

In reply to inquiries the Japanese Foreign Minister replied with his customary politeness and circumspection. It was true that the Japanese had fortified the islands in the Micronesian group, but it was solely with the object of preserving a good anchorage for the fleets and not of 2,000 miles. It was true that Japan had constructed air stations at Saipan, but it was to permit airplanes to watch over the fishing rights granted to Japanese subjects in the islands. The Japanese Government was merely exercising its sovereign rights.

It was in the Marshall Islands, such as English sea captain, where the Japanese accompanied them seventeen years ago, the government then said to the natives. Those islands are now Japanese and they will remain so as long as Japan exists."

In recent times no white man has been allowed to circulate freely in the Japanese mandated islands. Two years ago permission was refused to American journalists to go to the Marianne Islands to observe the eclipse of the sun. More recently when the flight Rev. Samuel Howlett, English Episcopal Missionary Bishop of Tonga, asked permission to visit the Bonin Islands, which form part of his diocese, the Japanese authorities answered that no foreigner would be permitted to enter these islands.

"In the Bonin Islands," said the English sea captain, "the Japanese have installed at Chichi Jima, the principal port, large stores of war munitions and provisions. Chichi Jima can provide anchorage for the largest ships. Port Lloyd in the same islands has been fitted up as an airplane base. Futuretok and Wotje islands in the same group have also been fitted with airplane bases."

In the book called "Kyosuke Nakanaga," written by a former navy officer with a preface by five admirals, the Japanese fleet sets out from the Marshall Islands for the "Great Victory of 1936" over the Americans.

The line of fortifications from Bonin Islands to the Marshall Islands is aimed especially at America. England is principally concerned by Japanese activity in the southwest, in the great ports of China, where the only important arsenal has a staff of Japanese technicians, and in the Malay Peninsula.

Singapore, an immense British fortress at the tip of this peninsula, watches over the Straits of Malacca and the numerous islands of Malaya. To the north the sea is open, but at a certain spot of the Malay Peninsula there is a very narrow isthmus, that of Kra, on Siamese territory and a canal might be constructed here through which Japanese ships might pass to Indian and European waters and avoid the guns of Singapore. The canal would make use of the mouth of the Pakchan River and would not be more than thirty miles altogether. The Japanese believe that it would be commercially profitable. France would be glad to see the journey from her colonies in Indo-China shortened by a thousand miles. Siam would welcome the opportunity to be free from British control and is already constructing a road along the line of the projected canal.

The Japanese are also cultivating the friendship of Java, the great colony of Holland. The yellow peril haunts the South Pacific. On all the islands they are talking about war and fortifications. How is it possible to fight Japanese dumping and commercial methods? The Americans are going to fortify their Samoan Islands. The Australians are already fortifying Port Darwin. The defenses of Singapore are being immensely increased this year. The peaceful Pacific Islands will surely be involved in the next war.

American and other tourist ships make voyages to the South Seas, landings are made at a few modernized ports—but what is really behind the scenes very few know.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS
On Baby's Future

EVERY expectant and nursing mother dreams about her baby's future. She pictures its progress to strong, healthy childhood. She would not willingly take the slightest risk of interfering with her baby's welfare.

Yet so many mothers and expectant mothers subject their babies to the dangers of laxative drugs which may seriously upset both mother and child. Physicians warn that such laxatives and cathartics are absorbed in the mother's blood and carried into her baby's body through the blood stream.

In the case of the nursing mother these drugs may seriously affect the baby through her milk.

It is perfectly true that no expectant or nursing mother can afford to risk the dangers of constipation. But on the other hand there isn't the slightest excuse for using drug correctives which are harsh and harmful in their internal action.

Doctors Approve Nujol

Thousands of doctors all over the country recommend Nujol for expectant and nursing mothers, because it is utterly harmless, free from violent action and contains no drugs or chemicals of any kind.

Nujol is not a laxative. It simply provides lubrication to speed along wastes at a time when internal cleanliness is of vital importance. Nujol aids in the regulation of the mother's system before childbirth, during the nursing period and thereafter. It is not digested and so cannot affect the mother's milk.

Thousands of women who discovered the value of Nujol during child-bearing have continued to use this colorless, tasteless lubricant in later years. They find it the ideal medium for keeping wastes moving gently and surely.

Nujol makes you regular as clockwork. It establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Just try Nujol regularly for the next month, and see if you don't feel better than you ever suspected you could. Ask your druggist for Nujol and insist on the genuine.

Nujol

FOR INTERNAL CLEANLINESS

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Please send me booklet on Nujol

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The Wedding Ghost

By Parke Hardy

(Continued from Page 12)

There was a gradual, unsavory movement of wedding guests toward the door, a rolling of whitened eyes toward the freshly restrained picture of the bride above the mantel, a ghostly fingering in the pictures had she come to her on her wedding day.

A few paused to murmur regrets to Rosebud that her nuptials had turned out this way, just for the most part they left without ceremony.

Abe Perdue stood upon the morning after the fiasco, took silence all but he and the Rev'ren' and Rosebud had fled. The Rev'ren' still had his back to that picture.

Abe searched it now with a deep distrust of what his eyes were telling him. He could not believe it, yet it was inevitably true, said Horace had come back at his widow's second wedding.

Then Abe gave note to the rising patch of sunlight on the wall, climbing toward the ceiling. His subdued had failed Horace, all right—but the sun had brought him back.

Abe grunted, and patted the shoulder of the weeping Rosebud. "Don't you mind dat tramp goin' crazy like dat," he admonished. "I knew he had waited to go crazy till after you had done married him."

He explained to the bewildered preacher what it was all about. "I never did think," sobbed Rosebud. "I'd have a false wedd'n' like dis, and a big weddin' cake and all my true-so, and everything wasted!"

"Don't you cry, honey," Abe comforted her. "Dis ain't no false weddin'—it's a real weddin', cause I'se gonna have words wid de Rev'ren' right now. Tomorrow we gets a real weddin' license—what I care 'bout a dollar and a half!"

Rosebud in a sudden frenzy of anger mounted a chair and grabbed down the picture of Garfield Branscomb and dashed it to splinters on the floor. She was about to do the same to the other picture but Abe stopped her, protesting:

"Not dat one, not dat one, honey! I'll cut out ol' Horace wid a pair of scissors dis time—and put me in it."

Rosebud collapsed damply into his arms.

The Rev'ren' cleared his throat delicately.

"Ahem—Miss Rosebud—is I to consider dis here dress suit is yo' kind gift to de minister, just like nothin' had happened'?"

Rosebud looked up, businesslike through her tears: "It sho is, Rev'ren', providin' just one thing and would not.

Not for all the careers on earth! Anger was rising in her like a tide while he talked, pressing closer to her, drinking in her fragrance and her fairness.

"You are very beautiful, Sally. You must learn how to use such beauty. To make money with it, to take money from your public. We have experts here who will teach you. You can be a great star if Van Otterback says so. And Van Otterback will say so if you will be sweet to him."

His arms were about her, close in the hot little office. She felt his breath on her neck. The loose lips were approaching her own.

Light. This, not the camera, this was the try-out! And Sally knew it. And sick disappointment made her shudder.

This was the end of it all. She could not work for this man nor would she have the opportunity. Perhaps a career could not be started with murder. With a lie. It was all wrong.

The arms were tight about her slim lovelinss now. The flabby lips not far from her own. And Sally made one of her decisions. She lifted her right hand and slapped the round eager face of the great Van Otterback as hard as she could.

"You crazy old fool!" she gasped.

And suddenly she was back in Hinbledon, in the office of her employer, Horace Larue, tearing loose from him, running into the street to encounter the woman reporter.

That act had shaped her destiny. This one would further it, whatever it was to be. At any rate, it ended her with Master Pictures before she started.

CHAPTER XXV.
Sally Signs Up.

SOMEHOW, Sally reached the street. The sun was blazing down upon it and she walked rapidly, warm and breathless, not wishing to face Eddie Price just now. Silly, the one thought she had—Tressa would be pleased. Strange that she kept thinking of Tressa.

Why was success so hard to get? A chance so hard to find? Why was it never what you thought it would be? Was there so much thing as a decent career?

Of course. The Prince used no such tactics. She knew that. There were decent big men, scores of them. But it had been her luck to pick a thing like Van Otterback. Her mind ran along over the alluring faces and bodies of his well-known stars, and she shuddered.

But she would not let panic get her. Other offers would come in now. She was an Eddie said, Front Page. She must let these crushing disappointments help her, not mar her.

Eddie would look her up presently. He had meant well. He had even warned her against the man.

She remembered what Van Otterback had said. "You are very beautiful. You must learn how to use such beauty."

She would. She flamed with the desire to show the Prince. This always would be at the back of every effort she made.

When Sally Nayton came home Tressa was waiting for her. She was waiting in knickers and white shirt and wide shade hat. There were no reporters about and in the kitchen Bonita Crandel was busy with a small white basket, with bread and cheese and a thermos bottle.

"Well, good heavens, where have you been?" demanded Tressa as Sally entered their room and dropped wearily on one of the beds.

"I—well, I'm not going to be with Master Pictures, Tressa," she said in a small voice.

"I know all about it," Tressa waved an indifferent hand. "That wild Ed Price just left here. He's gotten himself gloriously drunk hunting you. I gathered he'd been looking all over town, especially where a drink could be procured."

"I'm sorry for him, he tried—" said Sally.

"Sorry for that lad? Don't exert yourself," shrugged Tressa. "He'll be busy horning in when you get another offer."

Sally looked up with new hope.

"Do you think I'll get one, Tressa?" she asked.

"Certainly you will!" Tressa dimpled. "I know—well, let that pass for the moment. And you get into your knickers, kid. We're going on a little picnic far from the heat of the struggle in this he-man town. The girls are letting us take their car. It's got a couple of bum tires but I guess we can make it. After Fox cars it's a de luxe sedan."

"I want to get out somewhere and rest, and you need it, too. Just us, kid. I figured reporters and whatnot would probably be horning in here and it would do us good to clear out."

An hour later they had parked near the Pacific.

"This is just like old times." Sally laughed, as Tressa spread a white cloth upon the soft sands and began to lay out the details of their beach repast. "I never camped out before I met you, Tressa."

Her face sobered. "How dreadful of those two men to treat us so! They could have opened doors—helped us done so much—"

"Yeah," agreed Tressa dryly. "Pretty bum, I think. They've probably got swelled heads. We won't need 'em, kid."

But Sally heeded the Prince. She would always need him. Because of him her life would be forever starved and incomplete.

What was that in the air? Lifting her head, Sally sniffed. Surely it was—no, it couldn't be!

"Tressa, I smell mulligan stew!" said Sally at last excitedly. "There must be some hoboes nearby!"

Tressa paid no attention to the nervousness in Sally's tone. She left the affair to the mulligan stew, for she knew perfectly well it was mulligan stew which Sally Nayton smelled and she knew, too, where the camp fire was which brewed it.

"I'm going to find that stew," said Sally briskly. "It must be nearby."

Trailing that delectable odor, Sally Nayton started along the beach. It grew stronger as she advanced, and presently, rounding a huge rock-cliff, she saw the fire, in an ideal spot, of course, for hoboes know how to build fires, if anybody does, and the

(Continued on Page 17)

Box Car

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 15)

was not happy. She was only determined.

"Van Otterback hasn't a very good reputation, Sally," Price was going on. "But you can handle him. Just play him along. He's crazy about your looks. I could see that in a moment. And who wouldn't be? Besides that, you'll make him a fortune. And little Eddie Price found you for him."

Sally Nayton was left alone with Van Otterback in his private office as soon as she reached the Master Pictures' lot.

Price went out to stroll about, and Sally again took inventory of this man who could make her a star if he desired to do so, could give her everything in life she craved. All but the Prince.

She saw a stout man with pouches under his eyes, with a wide indulgent mouth, a man who had enjoyed the world completely for possibly fifty years. He was middle-aged, well-groomed, but he made Sally think somehow of some fat animal waiting to pounce.

"If your screen tests come out all right, my dear, I think we will sign you up for possibly six months, as a trial," he said at last when he had filled his gloating eyes with the fresh unusual loveliness of Sally Nayton. "Of course, we can't say until you've been tried out. After that—"

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" gasped Sally. And indeed, to hear it put in words—when so many people were seeking work—

"Yes." He came close to her and swept the wide hat from her head and turned her to the light.

"Lovely," he said softly. "What hair! A splendid profile. Poor Spendin always knew how to pick them. And you'll have to testify, you know. Good publicity, especially if we're signing you up."

Sally felt him coming closer. Felt his warm, plump hands through her thin sleeves. How did girls play men like this along? She had no idea.

She only knew suddenly, that she could not endure his touch

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PICTORIAL REVIEW announces the WINNERS in its Contest

"If you were picking a mate which would you choose"

Announced in American Weekly issue of June 14, 1936

First Prize: $100 to Helen F. Lopez, 666 N. Park Ave., Pomona, Calif.

Forty Awards of $10 each: R. Roberts, Douglas, Ariz.; Mrs. R. S. Smith, Sacramento, Calif.; Carl Witter, San Diego, Calif.; Gertrude M. Otte, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Ferdinand Hess, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mary Patricia Gallagher, Pacific Grove, Calif.; Mrs. L. L. Fradley, Georgetown, Colo.; Eugene Singer, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. F. C. Durham, Acworth, Ga.; Mrs. Mabel Simms, Arlington, Ill.; Veronica O'Brien, Libertyville, Ill.; Mary Lou Beck, Hammond, Ind.; Mrs. Thomas Bigler, Bellevue, Ia.; Mabel E. Hinman, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Gladys Shockley, Atchison, Kans.; Mrs. Julia Campbell, Baltimore, Md.; Selma Gladys Kate, Brockton, Mass.; Dorothy Stevenson, Dedham, Mass.; Mrs. Ella M. Stichler, Red Wing, Minn.; Jessie Rosenbaum, Lanesboro, Minn.; Mrs. Anna Marie Kistler, Plainfield, N. J.; Alice Cary Glenn, Omaha, Nebr.; Beth Gatty, Wauti, Nebr.; Mrs. Norman Donker, Seward, Nebr.; Pauline A. Cuglar, N. Y. C.; Antionna Benjamin, Bronx, N. Y. C.; Bernice Bradwell Williams, Merrick, L. I., N. Y.; Natalie Woodyer, Rochester, L. I., N. Y.; Hazel Schuster, Rochester, N. Y.; Geraldine Hirsh, Syracuse, N. Y.; Laura Elliott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen Walter, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mary Goodwin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Homer Rowe, Pottstown, Pa.; Mrs. B. E. Brasto, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Kara Bevins, Grundy, Va.; Mrs. Wilde Kennedy, Forrest, Wash.; E. F. Shaffer, Burlington, Wash.; Grace Lucy Grafton, W. Va.; Hazel Freeman, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.

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unless removed root and all

Wonderful New
ROOT-AND-ALL METHOD
ends corn forever

ACORN goes deep. When you cut or pare it at home, you merely trim the surface. The root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back—bigger than ever. Feet become ugly, disfigured. But when you Blue-Jay a corn, it's gone for good, because Blue-Jay removes root and all!

RELIEVES PAIN INSTANTLY, SAFELY

● Blue-Jay corn plasters have a remarkable double action. The moment you apply one to an aching corn, the pain stops. Then in 3 short days the corn loosens, lifts out, is gone.

And when we say gone, we mean the entire corn—root and all! For this safe, easy Blue-Jay method ends the worst corn forever.

Don't take chances with old-fashioned methods of cutting or paring your corns. This may cause dangerous infection and you still have part of the corn left in your toe to come back again bigger, uglier than ever.

Use Blue-Jay, the modern, scientifically medicated tiny plaster that instantly stops the burning torture—then in no time softens and loosens the hard corn. Presto! The entire corn is gone—root and all. Easy to use, no muss. Hold snugly in place by Wet-Proof adhesive which cannot stick to stockings and does not make shoes tight.

Get Blue-Jay today and completely banish corns, root and all. 25¢ package of 6 at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

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To prove Lavena cleans your skin far better than other methods, first cleanse face thoroughly with soap or cold cream. Now! Instead of with the 2-minute Lavena facial. If you don't find your complexion looks far cleaner, smoother, after the Lavena facial, return the package to your dealer and get your money back. At leading department and 5-and-10c stores. 10c, 25c and 60c sizes.

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"I guarantee unconditionally the purity of Lavena (or of unscented powdered starch) or we pay."

Happy Baby!

GETS OLIVE OIL IN HIS POWDER!

MOTHER—a genuine "baby" which proved unusually appealing to baby's tender, tender skin (oils, in another special advantage of Z. B. T. Baby Powder. It's olive O. B. T. (protected) since after all, Tree Soothing to any baby. Z. B. T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and now only. Large 25c and 10c sizes.

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OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

FOR CUTS SCRAPES AND LITTLE HURTS

AT ALL DRUGGISTS—15, 30 AND 50c

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● Pimples, blackheads, roughness—watch out! Prompt use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment helps prevent these minor blemishes due to external causes from developing into ugly, serious skin afflictions. Cuticura's medicinal and emollient properties check irritation, aid healing, help restore natural skin loveliness. Get started on the Cuticura treatment today. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c at your druggist's. For FREE sample address "Cuticura," Dept. 13, Malden, Mass.

Check them with CUTICURA

Tested Pickle and Relish Recipes

Chow Chow

SLICE 2 quarts small green tomatoes. Add 1 dozen small crisp cucumbers. Chop 2 sweet red peppers (discarding seeds), 1 cauliflower, 2 bunches celery, 2 pint small mild onions and 3 pints fresh string beans. Cover with salt and let stand 24 hours. Drain. To 4 gallon good vinegar add 3 ounces mustard seed, 2 ounces turmeric, ½ ounce allspice, ½ ounce pepper and 1 tablespoon ground cloves. Bring to boiling point. Add the drained vegetables. Cook until vegetables are soft. Seal in sterilized jars.

Old-Fashioned Rummage Pickles.

CHOP 4 quarts green tomatoes, 1 quart ripe tomatoes, 2 or 3 bunches celery, 1 large ripe cucumber, 1 quart small green cucumbers, 3 sweet red peppers and 3 sweet green peppers (discarding seeds) and 3 large mild onions. Sprinkle with ¼ cup salt. Let stand overnight. Drain. Add 1½ quarts good vinegar, 2 pounds light brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon pepper and 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Mix well. Store without cooking in half-pint jars.

Tomato Relish.

PEEL and chop 1½ quarts ripe tomatoes, add 1 cup finely chopped celery, 4 tablespoons minced red pepper, ¼ cup minced mild onion and 2 cups vinegar blended with ¼ cup salt, 6 tablespoons sugar, 6 tablespoons mustard seed, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon ground cloves. Put in a stone crock and cover closely. Let stand at least a fortnight before serving. This mixture will keep 6 or 8 months.

Old-Fashioned Yellow Tomato Pickle.

SCALD 2 pounds small yellow tomatoes and prick each tomato 2 or 3 times with a fork. To the scalded tomatoes add 2 pounds sugar, the juice of 4 lemons and the shredded rind of 2 lemons. Simmer gently until tomatoes are clear and the juice thick. Turn into sterilized jars and seal with paraffin.

Tomato Arctic Salad
(By Request).

TO 1 quart strained tomato pulp and juice add 2 teaspoons salt, a few drops onion juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a few grains pepper. Chill. Freeze to a mush in ice cream freezer. Fold in 3 egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry. Continue freezing until firm enough to hold its shape. Serve on crisp lettuce with garnish of sliced ripe tomatoes. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Cantaloupe, Dried Beef in Cream, Graham Popovers, Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Broiled Bacon, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	Peaches, Whole Corn Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Soft Cooked Eggs, Blueberry Muffins, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Cereal, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	Grapes, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Cerasota Coffee Cake, Coffee.	Prunes or Ripe Figs, Cereal, Broiled Tomatoes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Baked Stuffed Frankfurters or Barbecued Pork Chops, Steamed Apples, Chiffonade Green Salad with Chives, Dressing, Lemon Cream Rice, Iced Tea.	Scalloped Left-Over Vegetables, Swedish Bread, Pear Cream Cheese and Carrot Salad, Frosted Milk.	Pasha, Hot Buttered Corn, Tea Biscuits, Cabbage Gem Crisps, Apple Pie, Iced Tea or Postum.	Shad Roe, Hot or Cold Tea Biscuits, Beet Heart with Noodles, Green Pear and Iced Carrot Salad, Pineapple Sherbet.	Blended Sweetbreads with Mushroom Sauce, Green Vegetable, Ice Box Rolls, Tomato, Aerie Salad, French Dressing, Chocolate Parfait, Lemonade.	Sauerkraut Cocktail, Macaroni Casserole, Vienna Sausage Garnish, Apple, Cabbage and Raisin Slaw, Graham Muffins, Iced Tea.	Cold Roast Lamb, French Potato Salad with Watercress and Chives, Tomatoes Stuffed with Diced or Jellied Cucumber, Ice Box Rolls, Peach Shortcake with Whipped Cream, Iced Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Cold Consomme, Crackers, Canadian of Beef au Broiled Smoked Shoulder, Asparagus or Cauliflower Mousseline, Tomatoes Stuffed with Cucumber Jelly Salad, Ginger Sherbet.	Orange and Lime Juice Cocktail, Broiled Cod or Halibut Fillets, Hollandaise Sauce, Parsley Potatoes, String Beans, Celery Relish, Pineapple Charlotte.	Mixed Grill of Beef Balls, Sausages, Slices and Sweet Potatoes, Tomato, Cole Slaw, Baking Powder Baby Biscuits with Apricot Sauce.	Fresh Ham Steak, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus Vinaigrette, Peach Ice Cream Cup Cakes with Raspberry Frosting.	Broiled Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce, New Potatoes, Green Peas, Sea Dream Salad, Salad Dressing, Mixed Fruits Sherbet, Brownies.	Mint Sauce, Broccoli, Potato Puff, Stewed Corn, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Orange Ice Box Cake.	Celery, Gingerbread Waffles with Whipped Cream.

Box Car

by Madeleine Sharpe Buchanan

(Continued from Page 16)

smell of that stew was grand.

And then she saw him, the solitary young fellow seated on the beach before the fire stirring the contents of a big iron pot, saw the fine long lines of him, the shirt open at the throat, the jacket and the trousers she knew so well, the strong, attractive profile, and her heart stopped and her feet stopped, and she stood still, just looking.

The Prince! As she had never expected to see him again, stirring up his evening meal by a camp-fire!

Then she began to remember. And the hurt and the anger in her heart warred for supremacy.

It seemed as though he expected her, for he looked just as she was about to steal back to Tressa, and spoke quietly.

"Hello, Sally. Come and have some stew. I've an extra plate and fork."

He was amazing. There was that audacity again, the gay challenge in his eyes. But she had run him to earth now. He was a mystery no longer.

"No, thanks," she said coldly, turning away. "I've eaten my last meal with you, Mr. Dahlgren."

She did not get far, for the Prince was after her in a bound, his young strong arms were about her like a vise and before Sally could gasp, he was kissing her—a long, long kiss, during which she forgot everything but that she loved him and would always love him more dearly than anyone else on earth.

And yet: "Let me go!" she commanded, very white, her eyes flashing gloriously into his. "You've played with me long enough. Let me go back to Tressa. She's waiting. I'm tired of games."

But the Prince held her closely, warmly against him, his smiling eyes deep in hers.

"Stocky is with Tressa," he told her. "It's a put-up job. She's going to marry him."

"You mean Tressa—she knew when she brought me here?" gasped Sally.

Tressa, marrying Stocky, the czar with the megaphone!

"Certainly. I've been chasing you all day, ever since I read the papers this morning. I wanted you to come to me with that letter you swiped from Hazel Hunt, Sally," said the Prince, still holding her very close, for she seemed on the verge of flight. "I wanted to surprise you. I was waiting for you."

Sally drew a quick hurt breath.

"Do you mean if I hadn't stolen that letter you would have told me before we parted, given me a chance, let me in at Supreme?" she demanded.

"Of course," the Prince kissed her again, for she was too close to refrain. "I just thought it would be a great idea to let you come in to me with that letter. I saw you take it, you know, for I was looking over your shoulder in that office. I knew then he's been silly about Tressa from the start, but I held him back until you appeared."

Sally drew a long tremulous breath.

"I was so hurt," she breathed.

The Prince nodded.

"You can tell me later about this stunt you pulled last night on that gambling ship, and the contract with Master Pictures," he said. "You're signing up with Supreme, Sally, at once. I've written the story about you. The story of our trip."

Glory came into Sally Nayton's eyes as she looked up at her Prince.

"There won't be any contract with Master Pictures," she said. "I slapped Van Otterback in the face. He pawed me and tried to kiss me."

"And another thing," said the Prince, "just an afterthought, you're marrying me, Sally."

"Oh, I am?" asked Sally, wide-eyed.

"Certainly. And this reporter bird who tried to help you out. What's his name?"

Sally, shivering a little with sheer joy, answered calmly enough.

"Eddie Price. He's all upset. Tressa says."

"I can use another publicity man," said the Prince. "If he wants the job. He seems to like to handle your public, Sally."

"You're my public," said Sally Nayton softly.

The Prince's arms tightened about her.

"You haven't told me—yet," he reminded, his lips very close.

"I love you," said Sally Nayton. "You know it."

Tressa, her hand in Stocky's, sauntered around the edge of the rock.

"It's all right," she said with a long happy breath, her eyes smiling into his. "The mulligan stew is burning."

"Let it burn!" said Sally happily, snuggling in her Prince's protesting arms.

The End.

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3414—FOR GRACE AND CHARM—THIS DEMURE AFTERNOON FROCK WITH OFF-SHOULDER YOKE SCORES A BIG HIT. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

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